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STORY OF EMIN'S RESCUE

AS TOLD IN

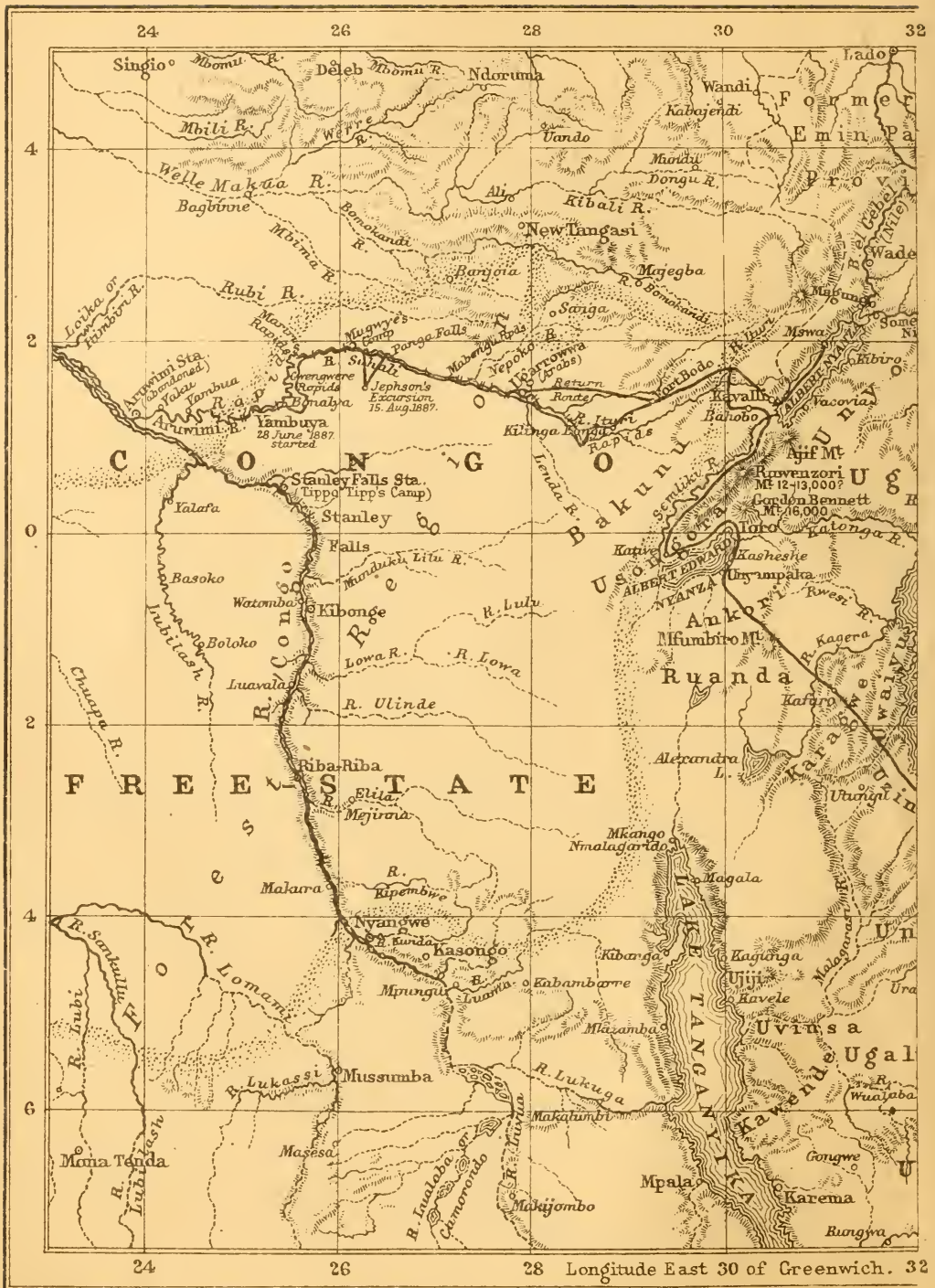
STANLEY'S LETTERS

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THE
STORY OF EMIN'S RESCUE
AS TOLD IN
STANLEY'S LETTERS

PUBLISHED BY MR. STANLEY'S PERMISSION

EDITED BY
J. SCOTT KELTIE
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
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NOTE

BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE

ENGLISH EDITION.

WE have produced this little brochure at the request of Mr. Stanley, and in compliance with the urgent desire of correspondents, one of whom, writing from one of the great manufacturing centres, says: "I have read with very great interest and pleasure the letters received from Mr. H. M. Stanley, and no doubt many thousands of people have done the same as myself. I am much mixed up with men of the working class—mechanics, lace-makers, laborers, etc.; and I am of opinion that if you could issue a *small book* of Stanley's travels and varied experiences in the rescue of Emin Pasha, with a skeleton map showing, by dotted lines, the route taken, in a cheap form, say about *one shilling*, as quickly as possible . . . you would be conferring a boon upon 'the masses' of this country. . . . There is at the present time a huge craving after anything and everything relating to Central Africa, and with the strong interest created by Mr. Stanley's thrilling adventures, I'm sure a *shilling book* would be a great success."

We regarded such an appeal as this as quite irresistible, and we have hastened, with the assistance of our friend Mr. Keltie, to put together all the material at the present time available.

In addition to the letters that have already appeared in the press, we are indebted to Sir William Mackinnon, Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, for some interesting matter which has not yet been made public, and for the facilities which he has given to us in the compilation of this collection.

It is quite needless to say that this unpretentious little volume can only be looked upon as a compilation from material scattered through many newspapers, and running through many months, and that it in no way trenches upon the very important work which Mr. Stanley will complete as quickly as possible after his return to this country. The letters to the Royal Geographical Society are reproduced here by permission of the President and Council.

LONDON, *December* 13, 1889.

INTRODUCTORY.

A VERY few words of introduction will suffice to bring the narrative of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition up to the date of the receipt of the first of Mr. Stanley's own letters. Until about the latter half of 1886 the name of Emin Bey, as he was then, was little known beyond the circles of science and geography. Within these circles he had attained a high reputation as a naturalist, and as a traveller and explorer, whose contributions to a knowledge of the geography of the Upper Nile regions were of the most solid value. To a few more he was known as the successful governor of the Equatorial Province of the Egyptian Soudan, in which he had followed his friend and chief, Gordon Pasha. Born in Prussian Silesia, educated at Breslau and Berlin, where he took his degree of M.D. in 1864, Eduard Schnitzer entered the Turkish service, and travelled much in Asiatic Turkey. His love of natural history and fondness for travel he had from childhood. When, in 1876, he left Turkey, and had spent a few months at home, he went to Egypt and was taken into the service of the Khedive. He was sent to Khartoum, and thence proceeded to the Equatorial Province as medical officer on Gordon's staff. When Gordon was appointed Governor-general of the Soudan, his old province was nearly ruined by being intrusted to incompetent and corrupt Egyptian officers, so that when Emin Efendi, as he was then, was appointed governor in 1878, he found the country in a state of complete disorganization and corruption, the happy hunting-ground of the slave-raider. Within a very few months he had almost cleaned out the Augean stable, scattered the slavers, got rid of the cruel and corrupt Egyptian soldiery, and filled

their places with well-drilled natives, effectually encouraged agriculture, and introduced a time of peace and comfort for all. Before his reign there had been a constantly accumulating deficit in the revenue; in a year or two this was converted into a substantial surplus. But trying times were at hand. Mahdism began to be heard of about 1879, and Gordon was no longer in the Soudan to cope with and crush it. One disaster to the Egyptian arms after another, in which English officers were involved, at last compelled the British Government to appeal to the old Governor of the Soudan to come to the rescue. The result is known to all. By January, 1884, Gordon was on his way to the Soudan, and a year later he and Khartoum fell together.

Emin seems to have remained undisturbed till the beginning of 1884, when the Mahdists invaded the Bahr-el-Ghazal province and carried off its governor, Lupton Bey. Emin expected his turn to come next, and withdrew all his forces, dependants, and stores from Lado south to Wadelai on the Bahr-el-Jebel, the branch of the Nile which issues from the Albert Nyanza, and within easy reach of that lake. Here he was able to carry on his work of administration, limited as it was, combined with geographical investigation, unmolested. But discontent, we know now, was brewing among his people; supplies of all kinds were running short, and the ammunition was rapidly approaching its last grain. Rumors of all this began to reach Europe, and were confirmed by the information brought home by Dr. Junker, the eminent explorer, and Emin's friend for many years. People began to realize what a remarkable man was shut up in this little corner of Africa, barred in on the north by the hordes of the Mahdi, and on the south by that merciless young royalty, Mwanga, King of Uganda, the son of Stanley's old friend, Mtesa. The excitement rapidly grew; the heroism of Emin's conduct—for he could easily have got away by himself—and the cruelly critical nature of his position, took possession of the public mind, and especially that of England. It was realized that to a considerable extent England was to blame for what had happened, and the general verdict was that England was bound to rescue Emin and his fellow-prisoners, for such they were.

This brings us to the autumn of 1886. Political questions must

not be introduced here; and therefore we need not inquire into the reasons why the British Government did not come to the front and undertake the relief of Emin. It is no secret that the Government did everything short of putting its hand directly to the work; this, it convinced itself, it could not do. It was then that Mr. (now Sir) William Mackinnon stepped to the front and declared himself willing to organize an Emin Relief Expedition. Even before the creation of British East Africa, Sir William Mackinnon had had intimate relations with Zanzibar, and also dealings with the Congo Free State. It was without doubt due to the powerful influences which he was able to bring to bear that the expedition was so rapidly and successfully fitted out. A hint to the Egyptian Government produced a contribution of £10,000; for it was Egyptian officers and Egyptian subjects who had to be rescued. Sir William Mackinnon contributed a handsome sum himself, and mainly among his own friends he succeeded in getting subscriptions which brought the total amount at the disposal of the Committee up to £20,000. Of this, £1000 came from the Royal Geographical Society, the Council of which felt that a favorable opportunity would be presented of obtaining information concerning a region of Africa of the greatest interest, but almost unknown. The leading newspapers also agreed to contribute on condition that they should be allowed to publish Stanley's letters.

The Emin Bey Relief Committee was formed at the end of December, 1886, and in addition to Sir William Mackinnon, Bart. (Chairman), consisted of the following gentlemen: The Honorable Guy Dawnay (since dead), Mr. H. M. Stanley, Sir Lewis Pelly, Mr. A. F. Kinnaird, Colonel Grant, Rev. H. Waller, Colonel Sir F. De Winton, Secretary. Long before this, however, Mr. Stanley's name had been brought forward in connection with the expedition, and as early as September, 1886, Consul Holmwood, of Zanzibar, reported to the Earl of Iddeſleigh the results of his efforts to communicate with Emin, and of his inquiries as to the best means of sending relief. These reports showed how increasingly dangerous Emin's position was. On November 15th Sir William Mackinnon wrote to the Foreign Office, offering to do what he could to organize an expedition, and suggesting the advisability of securing the

services of Mr. H. M. Stanley as leader. Mr. Stanley was on the eve of departure for America, where he had made engagements to lecture; and these, with other similar engagements, would have put £10,000 in his pocket within a year. Still, as Sir William Mackinnon stated in his letter, Mr. Stanley was willing to give up all his engagements, and without fee or reward once more plunge into the heart of Africa, and carry out the work of rescue. In a letter dated November 15, 1886, to Sir William Mackinnon, Mr. Stanley expresses his readiness to go at once, and states that already he had been examining the question of routes, of which he said there were four possible. However, he was allowed to leave for America, and it was not till December 11th that Sir William Mackinnon telegraphed to him: "Your plan and offer accepted. Authorities approve. Funds provided. Business urgent. Come promptly. Reply." The reply came, dated New York, December 13th: "Just received Monday's cablegram. Many thanks. Everything all right. Will sail per *Eider* 8 o'clock Wednesday morning. If good weather and barring accidents, arrive 22d December, Southampton. It is only one month's delay, after all. Tell authorities prepare Holmwood Zanzibar, and Seyyid Barghash. Best compliments to you." Thus the work of rescue was fairly started.

As in duty bound, Mr. Stanley, shortly after his arrival in England, paid a visit to the King of the Belgians, at Brussels, for he was still retained in the King's service. After mature deliberation, the route by the Congo had been chosen as on the whole the most suitable; for one thing, it was felt that the route by the East Coast and Uganda would have endangered the lives of the missionaries still in the power of King Mwanga, of Uganda. The King of the Belgians placed at the disposal of the expedition all the means of transport at his command in the Congo. By about the third week of January, 1887, all was ready, and Mr. Stanley left London for Zanzibar. Meantime he was as busy as he could be, getting together stores and selecting the staff who were to accompany him. He received hundreds of applications from all quarters, and the work of selection was a trying one. Those chosen, it was believed, were well fitted in every way for the trying work before them; and, on the whole, the expectations formed have been fulfilled.

The names of Major Barttelot, Captain Nelson, Lieutenant Stairs, Dr. Parke, Dr. Bonny, Mr. Jephson, Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Rose Troup have been more or less associated with this unique expedition. Two of them, alas, Major Barttelot and Mr. Jamieson, are among the fallen.

On January 27th, Mr. Stanley arrived at Alexandria, and went on to Cairo, and there had interviews with the Khedive and with Dr. Junker, who was on his way home after many years' sojourn in the Soudan; Dr. Junker was able to give Mr. Stanley some useful information. Zanzibar was reached on the 21st, and so well had everything been arranged that on the 25th Mr. Stanley was able to telegraph home: "I have embarked the expedition on board the *Madura*, being occupied the whole day. It consists on its departure of nine European officers, sixty-one Soudanese, thirteen Somalis, three interpreters, 620 Zanzibaris, the famous Tippu Tib, and 407 of his people. Couriers have gone overland to Uganda, and others to Stanley Falls." Emin, indeed, knew long before the expedition reached him that relief was coming. In introducing the name of Tippu Tib, it may be well to recall the fact that it was considered prudent by Consul Holmwood to bring about an understanding between that crafty "Arab" and the King of the Belgians, whereby, for certain considerations, Tippu was to occupy the abandoned Stanley Falls Station as an officer of the Congo Free State. It was absolutely necessary to obtain the good-will of this man, as Mr. Stanley looked to him to supply 600 carriers to help the expedition from the falls to the Albert Nyanza or Wadelai. Tippu's failure, whether intentionally or otherwise we need not inquire, to carry out his promises, led, it is well known, to disaster. After touching at the cape, which was left on March 10th, the *Madura* steamed up the West Coast to the mouth of the Congo, Banana Point being reached on March 18th. Here several small steamers were chartered to take the expedition up to Matadi, the limit of navigation on the lower river, beyond which lie 200 miles of cataracts that would have to be passed by land. As this is only a prologue to the stirring drama exhibited in Mr. Stanley's letters, and not a history of the expedition, the details of the journey up the river to the mouth of the Aruwimi, with all its vexations and delays, need not be described here. The Aruwimi was

reached early in June by Mr. Stanley and a first contingent, and after an intrenched camp was established at Yambuya, some distance from the mouth of the river, a final start was made towards Wadelai on June 28th, 1887; Major Barttelot, Dr. Bonny, Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Rose Troup, and Mr. Ward, were left behind as officers of the rear guard. The letters tell the rest. But before the first of them reached us on April 1, 1889, rumor after rumor came out of the darkness of the Dark Continent as to the fate of the expedition, which kept the civilized world in a constant state of anxious tension. But those who knew Mr. Stanley best felt confident all along that he was not the man to die till his work was done; still the relief which was brought to us with his first letters, full of sadness and disaster though they were, was intense.

Besides Mr. Stanley's own letters, a few by the members of his staff have been introduced into the collection, so as to make the epistolary and preliminary narrative fairly complete; we shall all await, with eager expectation, Mr. Stanley's detailed narrative of what has been, in some respects, the most remarkable expedition that ever entered Africa.

J. S. K.

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EMIN PASHA.

THE STORY OF EMIN'S RESCUE,

AS TOLD IN

H. M. STANLEY'S LETTERS.

LETTER I.

EN ROUTE.

THE following are extracts from some letters of Mr. H. M. Stanley, dated from the steamer *Serpa Pinto*, River Congo, March 20, and Matadi, 21, 1887:

"We left Table Bay on the evening of March 10th, and arrived on the morning of March 18th, at Banana Point, after a pleasant and satisfactory voyage. During the day I chartered the steamers *Serpa Pinto*, a Portuguese vessel, the *R. A. Nieman* from the Dutch House, and the *Albuquerque* from the British Congo Company, the united capacity of which was 645 men, 20 donkeys, 30 goats, and 150 tons general cargo. We shipped all these on the morning of the 19th. The steamer *Heron*, State vessel, will bring up all else on the morning of the 20th.

"We hope to be united in camp at Matadi by the evening of the 22d. By the 27th, as estimated in London, I hope to be on my way.

"We have had three deaths out of 800, and we shall probably be obliged to leave a dozen behind sick. We have had

no epidemics aboard. I do not know of any expedition from Zanzibar to the Congo which has had such a wonderful immunity from sickness. Ten per cent. is the usual rate of reduction from the numbers of physically fit; ours is one and a half at the utmost. All the Europeans are in excellent condition. Some of them are wonderful workers, and they all save me an immense amount of anxiety and labor by the quick and ready manner of going about their duties."

"There was a row soon after leaving Zanzibar. The 620 Zanzibaris and ninety Tippu Tib's men crowded the Soudanese into a hot and stifling place between decks. Strangers all round them, and no one understanding their guttural Arabic, the poor fellows became frantic and abused the strangers right and left. This led to blows. Sticks, clubs, and firewood flew in all directions, and the matter looked serious. We dashed in, however, with our sticks, and, flourishing them in earnest, the Zanzibari mob was driven back. The Soudanese were marched into another part of the vessel, and sentries placed to bar the sections between the opposing factions. Now, among our colored people there is perfect peace and contentment. The Somalis are excellent fellows, intelligent and willing.

"At Boma the committee in charge of the administration of the Congo Free State came on board, and Lieutenant Valeke, the president, informed me that a serious famine existed as far as Stanley Pool. He also said that the Stanley steamer is at present hauled up for repairs. You can imagine, then, that I shall have some work to do to reach Emin Pasha. We have to march through a country suffering from famine, but we shall find means to live somehow. We shall have to collect transport steamers together and repair those in need of repair, and we shall manage this somehow. The refusal of the Baptist Mission to lend their steamer *Peace* is a great disappointment, and a poor return for the services I have rendered them in the past.

“My thoughts at leisure moments are fixed, as you may suppose, on this important question, and I shall know no happiness until I am on *terra firma* on the Upper Congo.”

LETTER II.

IN THE FOREST—LOOKING FOR THE REAR-GUARD.

[Letters from Mr. Stanley to Major Barttelot.]

Camp on S. Bank, Aruwimi River, opposite Arab settlement,
September 18, 1887.

MY DEAR MAJOR,—You will, I am certain, be as glad to get news, definite and clear, of our movements as I am to feel that I have at last an opportunity of presenting them to you. As they will be of immense comfort to you and your assistants and followers, I shall confine myself to give you the needful details. We have travelled 340 English miles to make only 192 geographical miles of our easterly course. This has been performed in 83 days, which gives us a rate of $4\frac{1}{10}$ miles per day. We have yet to make 130 geographical miles, or a winding course, perhaps, of 230 English miles, which, at the same rate of march as hitherto, we may make in 55 days. We started from Yambuya 389 souls, whites and blacks. We have now 333, of whom 56 are so sick that we are obliged to leave them behind us at this Arab camp of Ugarrowwa. We are 56 men short of the number with which we left Yambuya. Of these thirty men have died—four from poisoned arrows—six left in the bush or speared by the natives; 26 have deserted *en route*, thinking they would be able to follow a caravan of Manyema which we met following the river downward. But this caravan, instead of going on, returned to this place, and our deserters, misled by this, will probably follow our track

downward until they meet you or be exterminated by the natives. Be not deluded by any statements they may make. Were I to send men to you, I, of course, would send you a note, but in no instance a verbal message, or any message at all, by the scum of the camp. Should you meet them you will have to secure them thoroughly.

The first day we left you we made a good march, which terminated in a fight, the foolish natives firing their own village as they fled. Since that day we have had probably thirty fights. The first view of us by the natives had inspired them to show fight. As far as Panga Falls we did not lose a man or meet with any serious obstacles to navigation. Panga is a big cataract with a decided fall. We cut a road round it on the south bank and dragged our canoes and went on again.

We had intended to follow a native path which would take us towards our destination with usual windings of the road. For ten days we searched for a road, and then took an elephant track, which took us into an interminable forest, totally uninhabited. Fearing to lose ourselves altogether, we cut a road to the river, and have followed the river ever since. From the point whence we struck the river to Mugwe's country—four days' journey below Panga—we fared very well. Food was abundant; we made long marches, and no halts whatever. Beyond Mugwe's up to Engwedeh was a wilderness, eleven days' march, villages being inland and mostly foodless. From this date our strength declined rapidly. People were lost in the bush as they searched for food or were slain by the natives. Ulcers, dysentery, and grievous sickness, ending in fatal debility, attacked the people. Hence our enormous loss since leaving Panga—thirty dead and twenty-six deserters. Besides which we are obliged to leave fifty-six behind so used up that without a long rest they would also soon die. Of the Somalis one is dead (Achmet), the other five are at this camp until our re-

turn from the Lake. Of the Soudanese, one is dead; we leave three behind to-day. All the whites are in perfect condition to-day, thinnish, but with plenty of go.

Among our fights we have had over fifty wounded, but they all recovered except four. Stairs was severely wounded with an arrow, which penetrated an inch and a half, within a little below the heart, in the left breast. He is all right now.

We have had one man shot dead by some person unknown in the camp; another was shot in the foot, resulting in amputation. This latter case, now in a fair state of health, we leave behind to-day. The number of hours we have marched ought to have taken us back to you by this time, but we had to daily hew our path through forest and jungle to keep along the river, because the river-banks were populated. The forest inland contains no settlements that we know or have heard of. By means of canoes we were able to help the caravan carry the sick and several loads. The boat helped us immensely. Were I to do the work over again, I should collect canoes as large as possible, man them with sufficient paddlers, and load up with goods and sick. On the river between Yambuya and Mugwe's country the canoes are numerous and tolerably large. The misfortune is that the Zanzibaris are exceedingly poor boatmen. In my force there are only about fifty who can paddle or pull an oar, but even these have saved our caravan immense labor and many lives which otherwise would have been sacrificed.

Our plan has been to paddle from one rapid to another. On reaching strong water, or shoals, we have unloaded canoes and poled or dragged them up with long rattan or other creepers through the rapids, then loaded up again and pursued our way until we met another obstacle. The want of sufficient and proper food regularly pulls people down very fast, and they have not that strength to carry the loads which has distinguished them while with me in other parts of Af-

rica. Therefore any means to lighten the labor of the caravan is commendable.

If Tippu Tib's people have not yet joined you I do not expect you will be very far from Yambuya. You can make two journeys by river for one that you can do on land. Slow as we have been coming up and cutting our way through, I shall come down river like lightning. The river will be a friend indeed, for the current alone will take us twenty miles a day, and I will pick up as many canoes as possible to help us up river for our second journey up river. Follow the river closely, and do not lose sight of our track. When the caravan which takes this passes you look out for your men, or they will run in a body, taking valuable goods with them.

Give my best salaams and kind remembrances from us all to your fellows. Bid them cheer up; so many miles a day will take you here in so many days. It depends on your own going and your power how many or how few you will be.

I need not say that I wish you the best of health and luck and good-fortune, because you are a part of myself. Therefore good-bye.

Yours very truly,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Major Barttelot.

[Written in pencil on the first corner of the above is the following: "DEAR MAJOR,—I send this on to you; the former attempt was a failure.—W. E. STAIRS."]

Fort Bodo, Ibwri District, *Feb.* 14, 1888.

MY DEAR MAJOR,—After much deliberation with my officers upon the expediency of the act, I have resolved to send twenty couriers to you with this letter, which I know will be welcome to you and your comrades, as the briefest note or even word from you would be to us.

Fort Bodo is 126 English miles from Kavalli, on the Albert Nyanza, or 77 hours of caravan marching (west), and is almost on the same latitude. It is 527 English miles almost direct east from Yambuya, or 352 hours of caravan marching. You can easily find out where it is by tracing on your map a straight line from Yambuya to Kavalli, and dividing that line into five equal parts; four-fifths would be the distance from Yambuya, and one-fifth from our port on the Nyanza.

I send a little tracing of our route sufficiently exact for your use, and on it I have marked six principal places where food may be had between Yambuya and the Nyanza.

First, Mugwe's villages, on the north bank of river, 184 English miles, or 124 hours' caravan marching from Yambuya. The villages are five in number, backed by extensive cultivations of manioc, bananas, and Indian-corn.

Second, Aveysheba villages, fifty-nine English miles, or thirty-six hours' marching. These villages are on south bank, near a lazy creek thirty-five yards wide. There were five villages here when we passed, and abundance of very large bananas. Ten miles higher up on north bank there is an extensive settlement close to river, untouched by us. It is situated at the foot of a rapid. By sending the guns across river from Aveysheba you would gain better access to these.

Third, confluence of the Nepoko with the Aruwimi. Villages on south bank, opposite the big cataract of the Nepoko, which tumbles into the Aruwimi in fine view of landing-place. Nepoko is almost as large as the Aruwimi, therefore you cannot mistake it. We found abundance at these villages, which are numerous and scattered. They are situated thirty-nine miles above Aveysheba, or twenty-six hours' caravan marching.

Fourth is Ugarrowwa's, an Arab settlement on north bank. Hospitality would be given, but food would be dear, and you

would have to disburse cloth. It is ninety-three miles above the last place, or sixty-two hours' marching.

Fifth, Fort Bodo, is a place built by us in Ibwiri after our return from the Albert Nyanza. We have abundance of food here. To-day our stock inside the fort consists of four cows and a calf, ten goats, three of these being milch goats, six tons of Indian-corn. Outside the fort we have four acres planted in corn and half an acre of beans. We have bananas for two miles west of us and half a mile on either side of the fort. Our houses are comfortable, whitewashed within and without. The men mostly sleek and glossy. Stairs, Nelson, Parke, and Williams are with me here. Jephson is out foraging for live-stock, and hope to see him to-morrow. Our force consists of 184 present, eleven at Ipoto, fifty-six at Ugarrowwa's—total rank and file, 251 souls.

By the new road we estimate Fort Bodo to be distant from Ugarrowwa's 162 English miles, or 108 hours' marching for caravan.

Sixth is the brow of the plateau looking down on the Albert Nyanza, and between it and Fort Bodo we have experienced no want of provisions of all kinds necessary.

The object of this letter is not only to encourage and cheer you and your people up with definite and exact information of your whereabouts and the land ahead of you, but to save you from a terrible wilderness whence we all narrowly escaped with our lives. I wrote you from Ugarrowwa's a letter sufficiently detailed to enable you to understand what our experience was between Yambuya and Ugarrowwa's, therefore I began from Ugarrowwa's, and go east to the Nyanza.

After leaving Ugarrowwa's on September 19th we had 285 souls with us, and 56 sick at Ugarrowwa's—total, 341. By October 6th we had travelled along south bank of river, amid a country depopulated and devastated by Arabs; and our condition was such, from a constant pinching want, that

we had eight deaths and 52 sick—that is, 60 utterly used up in 16 days. I was forced to leave Captain Nelson, lamed by ulcers, and 52 sick and 82 loads with him, at a camp near the river, while we would explore ahead, find provisions, and send back relief.

Until October 18th we marched in the hope of obtaining food, and on this day we entered a settlement of Manyema, but in the interval we had travelled through an uninhabited forest, where we lived on wild fruit and fungi. In these twelve days we had lost twenty-two by desertion and death, but the condition of the survivors was terrible.

We were all emaciated and haggard, but the majority were mere skeletons. On the 29th Nelson's party was relieved, but out of fifty-two there were only five left. Many had died, many had deserted, about twenty were out foraging, out of which party ultimately only ten turned up.

On October 28th we marched from the Manyema settlement for this place, Ibwiri. Here we found such an abundance that we halted to recuperate until November 24th. On this day the advance column mustered as follows: Sick at Ugarrowwa's (Arab settlement), 56; sick at Manyema settlement, 38; present in Ibwiri, 174—total, 268. On September 19th we numbered 341; November 24th, 268; dead and missing, 73.

Beyond this place, Ibwiri, no Arab or Manyem had ever penetrated, consequently we suffered no scarcity, and on November 24th we marched from Ibwiri for the Albert Lake, which we reached December 13th, having lost only one by death, result of wilderness miseries, and we returned to this place from the Albert Lake January 7th, having lost only four, two of whom died from cause of wilderness miseries—one Klamis Kaururu (chief), inflammation of the lungs one Ramaguebin Kuru, fever and ague contracted near lake. Thus, between November 24th and January 7th, we had lost

but five; three of these deaths were the result of privations undergone in the wilderness.

We first met the Manyema on the last day of August, and parted from them January 6th. In this interval we have lost 118 through death and desertion. In their camps it was as bad as in the wilderness, for they ground us down by extortion so extreme that we were naked in a short time. They tempted the Zanzibaris to sell their rifles and ammunition, ramrods, officers' blankets, etc., and then gave food so sparingly that these crimes were of no avail. Finally, besides starving them, tempting them to ruin the expedition, they speared them, scourged them, and tied them up, until in one case death ended his miseries.

Never were such abject slaves of slaves as our people had become under the influence of the Manyema. Yet withal they preferred death by scourging, spearing, starvation, ill-treatment, to the duty of load-bearing and marching on to happier regions. Out of thirty-eight men left at the Manyema camp eleven have died, eleven others may turn up, but it is doubtful. However, we have only received sixteen; sixteen out of thirty-eight! Comment is unnecessary.

When we left the Manyema camp, October 28th, we were obliged to leave our boat and seventy loads behind, as it was absolutely impossible to carry them. Parke and Nelson were detailed to look after them. We hoped that we should find some tree out of which we could make a sizable canoe, or buy or seize one ready-made. Arriving at the Nyanza, we found neither tree nor canoe, therefore were obliged to retrace our steps here quickly to send men back to the Manyema settlement for the boat and loads. The boat and thirty-seven loads were brought here by Stairs and nearly one hundred men the day before yesterday.

You will understand, then, that Emin Pasha not being found or relieved by us, made it as much necessary that we should devote ourselves to this work, as it was imperative

when we set out, June 28, 1887, from Yambuya. And you will also understand how anxious we are all about you. We dread your inexperience and your want of influence with your people. If with me people preferred the society of the Manyuema blackguards to me, who am known to them for twenty years, how much more so with you, a stranger to them and their language! Therefore, the cords of anxiety are strained to exceeding tension. I am pulled east to Emin Pasha and drawn west to you, your comrades, people, and goods.

Nearly eight months have elapsed, and perhaps you have not had a word from us, though I wrote a long letter from Ugarrowwa's. We were to have been back by December; it is now February, and no one can conjecture how far you may have reached. Did the *Stanley* arrive in due time? Did she arrive at all? Did Tippu Tib join you? Are you alone with your party, or is Tippu Tib with you? If the latter, why so slow that we have not had a word? If alone, we understand that you are very far from us? These are questions daily agitating us.

Therefore we are agreed that, while we bear the boat to the Albert Nyanza to make a final finish with Emin Pasha we should try to communicate with you. With that view I have called for volunteers at £10 per head reward to bear this letter to you even as far as Yambuya, if (as it might chance, for all we know to the contrary) you have not started, and to return to me with your news. To us who have gone over the ground Yambuya seems about a month's distance only. Stairs escorts the twenty as far as Ugarrowwa's, and brings to me the fifty-six men, who are all recovered (as we hear). Stairs, on his return, will find me about five days from the lake, and we will then push on fast to the lake when he has joined us.

According to my calculation, we shall be on the Lake April 10th. All about Emin Pasha will be settled by April 25th; on

the 13th of May we shall be back here, and on the 29th we shall be at Ugarrowwa's, if we have not met you. We shall surely, I hope, meet with the return messengers. *Re* these messengers, I should advise your keeping two of them as guides—Ruga, Rugu—in front, but they should be free of loads. Send the eighteen and two others back to me as soon as you can, because the sooner we hear from you the sooner we will join hands; and after settling the Emin Pasha question we shall have only one anxiety, which will be to get you safely up here.

Assuming that Tippu Tib's people are with you, our guides (two) will bring you quickly on here, and we shall probably meet here or at Ugarrowwa's; the *Stanley* arrived within reasonable time, you have arrived at some place about twenty-two or twenty-four of our former journeys from Yambuya, below Mugwye's, as I take it. Hence, before you get near the Arab influence, where your column will surely break up if you are alone, I order you to go to the nearest place (Mugwye's, Aveysheba, or Nepoko confluence) that is to you, and there to build a strong camp and wait us, but whatever you decide upon, let me know. If you come near Ugarrowwa's you will lose men, rifles, powder, everything of value; your own boys will betray you, because they will sell food so dearly that your people, from stress of hunger, will steal everything.

At either of the three places above you will get safety and food until we relieve you. So long as you are stationary there is no fear of desertion, but the daily task, added to constant insufficiency of food, will sap the fidelity of your best men. (These directions are only in case of your being alone without Arab aid. If Tippu Tib's people are with you, I presume you are coming along slowly.)

With everybody's best wishes to you, I send my earnest prayer—that you are, despite all unwholesome and evil conjectures, where you ought to be, and that this letter will

reach you in time to save you from that forest misery and from the fangs of the ruthless Manyueman blackguards. To every one of your officers, also, these good wishes are given from

Yours most sincerely,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

TO MAJOR BARTELOT, Commanding Rear Column, E. P. R. E.

LETTER III.

MAJOR BARTELOT TELLS HIS STORY.

[The following letter from Major Barttelot was received in London, September 19, 1888.]

Yambuya Camp, *June 4, 1888.*

To Mr. William MacKinnon, President of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

SIR,—I have the honor to report to you that we are about to make a move, though with far less numbers than I originally intended. Tippu Tib has at last, but with great reluctance, given us 400 men. I also have obtained from another Arab called Muni Somai thirty more carriers; we shall move not earlier than the 9th of June, and our forces will be as follows: Soudanese 22, rifles 22; Zanzibaris 110, rifles 110, loads 90; Manyuema 430, muskets 300, loads 380. The officers who are going are Major Barttelot, in command; Mr. J. S. Jamieson, second in command; Mr. W. Bonny; Sheik Muni Somai, in command of Manyuema force.

Sheik Muni Somai is an Arab of Kibuyeh, who volunteered to accompany the expedition as commander under me of the native contingent.

On May 8th the Belgian Steamer *A. I. A.*, with M. Van Kerkhoven, the chief of Bangala, arrived here, having on

board Mr. Ward's escort of thirty Zanzibaris and four Soudanese, one Soudanese dying at Bangala.

May 11th.—They left us to go to Stanley Falls.

May 14th.—I left for Stanley Falls, going overland and catching the steamer at Gallasula, on the Congo. I proceeded with the Belgians to the Falls on May 22d.

Mr. Jamieson and Tippu Tib, with 400 men, returned from Kasengo.

Mr. Jamieson wrote to you while at Kasengo of his proceedings there. He told me on arrival that Tippu Tib had promised him 800 men, but would make no written agreement with him.

May 23d.—I had my palaver with Tippu Tib. He then told me he could only let me have 400 men, 300 of whom were to carry forty-pound loads, and 100 twenty-pound loads. He said the men were present, and ready to start as soon as I had my loads ready. I told him of what he had promised Mr. Jamieson at Kasengo, but he said never had any mention of 800 men been made, only of the 400; that it was quite impossible he could give us more men, as he was short of men at Kasengo and Nyanjwe, as he was at present engaged in so many wars that he had completely drained the country. I was forced to submit, but hoped that he might be able to collect another 100 or so at and around Yambuya.

Tippu then asked me if I wanted a headman, stating that in the former agreement Mr. Stanley had said that if a headman was taken he should be paid. I replied, "Certainly, I want a headman." He then presented me to the Arab, Muni Somai. This man agreed to come, and I send you the terms I settled with him.

I got back to Camp Yambuya May 30th. June 4th, the *Stanley* steamer arrived, and the *A. I. A.*, the former bringing Belgian officers for the Falls Station, the latter Tippu Tib himself. June 5th, I had another palaver with Tippu Tib, asking

him where were the 250 men already sent. He explained to me that they had been dispersed, and on trying to collect them they refused to come, owing to the bad reports brought in by the deserters, and that as they were subjects and not slaves, he could not force them. That was the reason why he had brought 400 entirely fresh men from Kasengo for us.

However, Tippu said he could let me have thirty more men of Muni Somai. This, as I was so terribly short of men, I agreed to.

Muni Somai himself appears a willing man, and very anxious to do his best. He volunteered for the business. I trust you will not think his payment excessive, but the anxiety it takes away as regards his men and the safety of the loads is enormous, for he is responsible for all the Manyema and the loads they carry, and thus saves the white officers an amount of work and responsibility which they can now devote to other purposes.

The loads we do not take are to be sent to Bangala. They will be loaded up in the *A. I. A.*, or *Stanley*, on June 8th, a receipt being given for them by Mr. Van Kerkhoven, which is marked B and forwarded to you, also a letter of instructions to him and to Mr. Ward. Perhaps you would kindly give the requisite order concerning the loads and the two canoes purchased in March for Mr. Ward's transport, also for those stores purchased by Mr. Ward on behalf of the expedition, as it is nearly certain I shall not return this way, and shall therefore have no further need of them or him. Mr. Troup, who is in a terrible condition of debility and internal disarrangement, is proceeding home at his own request. Mr. Bonny's certificate of his unfitness is attached, and his application marked E, also letters concerning passage, etc., to M. Fontaine, marked F. I have given him a passage home at the expense of the expedition, as I am sure it would be your and their wish.

My intentions on leaving this camp are to make the best

of my way along the same route taken by Mr. Stanley. Should I get no tidings of him along the road, to proceed as far as Kavalli, and then, if I hear nothing there, to proceed to Kibero. If I can ascertain either at Kavalli or Kibero his whereabouts, no matter how far it may be, I will endeavor to reach him. Should he be in a fix, I will do my utmost to relieve him. If neither at Kavalli nor Kibero I can obtain tidings of him, I shall go on the Wadelai and ascertain from Emin Pasha, if he be there still, if he has any news of Mr. Stanley, also of his own intentions as regards staying or leaving. I will persuade him, if possible, to come out with me, and, if necessary, aid me in my search for Mr. Stanley. Should it for sundry reasons be unnecessary to look further for Mr. Stanley, I will place myself and force at his disposal to act as his escort, proceeding by whichever route is most feasible, so long as it is not through Uganda, as in that event the Manyemas would leave me, as I have promised Tippu Tib they shall not go there, and that I will bring them back or send a white officer with them back to their own country by the shortest and quickest route on completion of my object. This is always supposing Emin Pasha to be there and willing to come away. It may be he only needs ammunition to get away by himself, in which case I would in all probability be able to supply him, and would send three-fourths of my Zanzibar force and my two officers with him, and would myself, with the other Zanzibaris, accompany the Manyemas back to Tippu Tib's country, and so to the coast, by the shortest route—viz., by the Mwuta-Nzigi, Tanganyika, and Ujiji. This is also the route I should take should we be unable to find Stanley, or, from the reasons either that he is not there or does not wish to come, relieve Emin Pasha.

I need not tell you that all our endeavors will be most strenuous to make the quest in which we are going a success, and I hope that my actions may meet with the approval of

the committee, and that they will suspend all judgment concerning those actions, either in the present, past, or future, till I or Mr. Jamieson return home.

Rumor is always rife, and is seldom correct, concerning Mr. Stanley. I can hear no news whatever, though my labors in that direction have been most strenuous. He is not dead to the best of my belief, nor of the Arabs here or at Kasengo. I have been obliged to open Mr. Stanley's boxes, as I cannot carry all his stuff, and I had no other means of ascertaining what was in them. Two cases of Madeira were also sent him. One case I am sending back; the other has been half given to Mr. Troup; the other half we take as medical comforts. Concerning Tippu Tib I have nothing to say beyond that he has broken faith with us, and can only conjecture from surrounding events and circumstances the cause of his unreasonable delay in supplying men, and the paucity of that supply.

I deem it my bounden duty to proceed on this business, in which I am fully upheld by both Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Bonny. To wait longer would be both useless and culpable, as Tippu Tib has not the remotest intention of helping us any more, and to withdraw would be pusillanimous, and, I am certain, entirely contrary to your wishes and those of the committee.

I calculate it will take me from three to four months to reach the lakes, and from seven to nine more to reach the coast.

I have much pleasure in stating that from all the officers of the State with whom I have come in contact, or from whom I have solicited aid, I have met with a most willing and ready response, which is highly gratifying. I would particularly mention Captain Van Kerkhoven, chief of Bengala, and Lieutenant Liebrechts, chief of Stanley Pool, and I trust that they may meet with the reward and merit they deserve.

June 6th.—This morning Tippu Tib sent for me and asked me if I thought he would get his money for the men. I told him I could give no assurance of that. He then said he must have a guarantee, which I and Mr. Jamieson have given; terms of agreement and guarantee are attached. All receipts, agreements, etc., made between Arabs and myself, and signed by them, I have sent to Mr. Holmwood, and the copies of same to you.

June 8th.—This morning I had the loads for Tippu Tib's and Muni Somai's men stacked, and Tippu Tib himself came down to see them prior to issuing. However, he took exception to the loads, said they were too heavy (the heaviest was forty-five pounds), and his men could not carry them. Two days before he had expressed his approbation of the weight of the very same loads he refused to-day. I pointed out to him that he, as well as I, knew the difficulty of getting any load other than a bale to scale the exact weight, and that the loads his men carried were far above the prescribed weight of sixty pounds. We were to have started to-morrow, so we shall not now start till the 11th or 12th of June, as I am going to make all his loads weigh exactly forty pounds. It is partly our fault, as we should have been more particular to get the exact weight. The average weight overdue was about two pounds, some loads being two pounds under. But it is not the weight of the loads he takes exception to—in reality it is having to perform the business at all. He has been almost forced to it by letters received from Mr. Holmwood against his own, and more than against the wish of his fellow Arabs; and, filled with aspirations and ambitions of a very large nature, the whole business has become thoroughly distasteful to him, which his professed friendship for Stanley cannot even overcome. His treatment of us this morning showed that most thoroughly. But should he not act up to his contract, I hope it will be taken most serious notice of when it comes



TIPPU TIB.

to the day of settling up. He has got us tight fixed at present, but it should not always be so.

On our road lie many Arab settlements to within a month of Lake Albert Nyanza, though the distance between some of them is bad, and the inhabitants of that distance warlike. I shall, whenever opportunity offers, hire carriers, if not for the whole time, at any rate from station to station, for of course death, sickness, and desertions must be looked for, and I must get my loads in as intact as possible to my destination.

This is when Muni Somai will be so useful. We seem to have paid a big price for his services, but then he is a big Arab, and in proportion to his bigness is his influence over the Manyema to keep them together, to stop desertions, thefts, etc. A lesser Arab would have been cheaper, but his influence would have been less, and in consequence our loads gradually less, and loads mean health and life and success, and therefore cannot be estimated at too high a value. We are carrying light loads, and intend to do at first very easy marches, and, when I get into the open country by Uganda, to push on.

We weighed all the loads before one of Tippu Tib's headmen, and he passed loads which had been condemned shortly before in the morning, which fully shows that for some reason or other he wishes to delay us here, but for what purpose I cannot say.

June 9th.—We shall easily be able to start by the 11th, but I am sorry to say our loss of ammunition by the lightening of the loads—for it was the ammunition they particularly took notice of—is something enormous.

Both the *A. I. A.* and the *Stanley* left this morning for Stanley Falls, but Tippu Tib and his Belgian secretary remain behind, also four ship-carpenters, whom Captain Vangèle and M. Van Kerkhoven left with us to help us. The Belgians have behaved with very great kindness to us and helped us on our way enormously.

Before I close I would wish to add that the services of Mr. J. S. Jamieson have been, are, and will be invaluable to me. Never during his period of service with me have I had one word of complaint from him. His alacrity, capacity, and willingness to work are unbounded, while his cheeriness and kindly disposition have endeared him to all. I have given Ward orders about any telegram you may send, and Tippu Tib has promised he will send a messenger after me should it be necessary, provided I have not started more than a month.

Tippu Tib waits here to see me off.

I am sending a telegram to you to announce our departure, and I will endeavor through the State to send you news whenever I can. But it would not surprise me if the Congo route was not blocked later on.

I have not sent you a copy of Mr. Holmwood's letter, as it was not official, but of all others I have. I think I told you of everything of which I can write. There are many things I would wish to speak of, and no doubt I will do so should I be permitted to return home.

Our ammunition (Remington) is as follows: rifles, 128; reserve rounds, per rifle, 279; rounds with rifle, $20 = 35,580$.

June 10th.—The loads have been weighed and handed over; powder and caps issued to the Manyema force, and we are all ready to start, which we shall do to-morrow morning. I have told you of all now I can think of, but I would bring finally to your notice that Tippu Tib has broken his faith and contract with us. The man Muni Somai I think means business, and therefore I trust all will be well.

I have, etc.,

EDMUND M. BARTELOT, Major.

LETTER IV.

MR. STANLEY AND TIPPU TIB: FIRST NEWS OF SUCCESS.

[The following letter from Mr. Stanley to Tippu Tib arrived in Brussels on January 15, 1889.]

Boma of Banalya (Urenia), *August 17th.*

To the Sheikh Hamed Ben Mahomed from his good friend Henry Stanley:*

Many salaams to you! I hope you are in good health as I am, and that you have remained in good health since I left the Congo. I have many things to say to you, but I hope I shall see you face to face before many days. I reached this place this morning with 130 Wangwana and three soldiers and sixty-six natives belonging to Emin Pasha. This is now the eighty-second day since we left Emin Pasha on the Nyanza, and we have only lost three men all the way. Two of them were drowned and the other ran away.

I found the white men whom I was looking for. Emin Pasha was quite well, and the other white man, Casati, was quite well also. Emin has ivory in abundance, cattle by thousands, and sheep, goats, fowls, and food of all kinds. We found him to be a very good and kind man. He gave numbers of things to all our white and black men, and his liberality could not be exceeded. His soldiers blessed our black men for their kindness in coming so far to show them the way, and many of them were ready to follow me at once out of the country. But I asked them to stay quiet a few months, that I might go back and fetch the other men and goods I had left at Yambunga, and they prayed to God that He would give me the strength to finish my work. May their prayer be heard!

* Known in Europe as Tippu Tib.

And now, my friend, what are you going to do? We have gone the road twice over. We know where it is bad and where it is good, where there is plenty of food and where there is none, where all the camps are, and where we shall sleep and rest. I am waiting to hear your words. If you go with me, it is well. I leave it to you. I will stay here ten days, and then I go on slowly. I move from here to a big island, two hours' march from here, and above this place there are plenty of houses and plenty of food for the men. Whatever you have to say to me, my ears will be open with a good heart, as it has always been towards you. Therefore, if you come, come quickly, for on the eleventh morning from this I shall move on. All my white men are well, but I left them all behind, except my servant, William, who is with me.

(Signed) STANLEY.

[This letter, which was brought by a messenger to Stanley Falls, reached Brussels by post on January 15th. The remainder of the letters brought by the messenger remained at Stanley Falls, and did not arrive in Europe till the end of March.]

LETTER V.

FROM YAMBUYA TO THE ALBERT NYANZA: THROUGH THE ITURI
FORESTS: MEETING WITH EMIN.

[Received in London end of March, 1889.]

Bunganeta Island, Ituri River, or Aruwimi River, *August 28, 1888.*

To the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee:

SIR,—A short despatch, briefly announcing that we had placed the first instalment of relief in the hands of Emin Pasha on the Albert Nyanza, was sent to you by couriers from Stanley Falls, along with letters to Tippu Tib, the Arab governor of that district, on the 17th inst., within three

hours of our meeting with the rear column of the expedition. I propose to relate to you the story of our movements since June 28, 1887.

I had established an intrenched and palisaded camp at Yambuya, on the Lower Aruwimi, just below the first rapids. Major Edmund Barttelot, being senior of those officers with me, was appointed commandant. Mr. J. S. Jamieson, a volunteer, was associated with him. On the arrival of all men and goods from Bolobo and Stanley Pool, the officers still believed Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny were to report to Major Barttelot for duty. But no important action or movement (according to letter of instructions given by me to the major before leaving) was to be made without consulting with Messrs. Jamieson, Troup, and Ward. The columns under Major Barttelot's orders mustered 257 men.

As I requested the major to send you a copy of the instructions issued to each officer, you are doubtless aware that the major was to remain at Yambuya until the arrival of the steamer from Stanley Pool with the officers, men, and goods left behind; and, if Tippu Tib's promised contingent of carriers had in the mean time arrived, he was to march his column and follow our track, which so long as it traversed the forest region would be known by the blazing of the trees, by our camps, and zaribas, etc. If Tippu Tib's carriers did not arrive, then, if he (the major) preferred moving on to staying at Yambuya, he was to discard such things as mentioned in letter of instructions, and commence making double and triple journeys by short stages, until I should come down from the Nyanza and relieve him. The instructions were explicit, and, as the officers admitted, intelligible.

The advance column, consisting of 389 officers and men, set out from Yambuya June 28, 1887. The first day we followed the river-bank, marched twelve miles, and arrived in the large district of Yankondé. At our approach the natives set fire to their villages, and under cover of the

smoke attacked the pioneers who were clearing the numerous obstructions they had planted before the first village. The skirmish lasted fifteen minutes. The second day we followed a path leading inland but trending east. We followed this path for five days through a dense population. Every art known to native minds for molesting, impeding, and wounding an enemy was resorted to; but we passed through without the loss of a man. Perceiving that the path was taking us too far from our course, we cut a north-easterly track, and reached the river again on the 5th of July. From this date until the 18th of October we followed the left bank of Aruwimi. After seventeen days of continuous marching we halted one day for rest. On the twenty-fourth day from Yambuya we lost two men by desertion. In the month of July we made four halts only. On the 1st of August the first death occurred, which was from dysentery; so that for thirty-four days our course had been singularly successful. But as we now entered a wilderness, which occupied us nine days in marching through it, our sufferings began to multiply, and several deaths occurred. The river at this time was of great use to us; our boat and several canoes relieved the wearied and sick of their loads, so that progress, though not brilliant as during the first month, was still steady.

On the 13th of August we arrived at Air-Sibba. The natives made a bold front; we lost five men through poisoned arrows; and to our great grief Lieutenant Stairs was wounded just below the heart; but, though he suffered greatly for nearly a month, he finally recovered. On the 15th Mr. Jephson, in command of the land party, led his men inland, became confused, and lost his way. We were not reunited until the 21st.

On the 25th of August we arrived in the district of Air-jeli. Opposite our camp was the mouth of the tributary Nepoko.

On the 31st of August we met for the first time a party of Manyuema belonging to the caravan of Ugarrowwa, *alias* Uledi Balyuz, who turned out to be a former tent-boy of Speke's. Our misfortunes began from this date, for I had taken the Congo route to avoid Arabs, that they might not tamper with my men and tempt them to desert by their presents. Twenty-six men deserted within three days of this unfortunate meeting.

On the 16th of September we arrived at a camp opposite the station at Ugarrowwa's. As food was very scarce owing to his having devastated an immense region, we halted but one day near him. Such friendly terms as I could make with such a man I made, and left fifty-six men with him. All the Somalis preferred to rest at Ugarrowwa's to the continuous marching. Five Soudanese were also left. It would have been certain death for all of them to have accompanied us. At Ugarrowwa's they might possibly recover. Five dollars a month per head was to be paid to this man for their food.

On September 18th we left Ugarrowwa's, and on the 18th of October entered the settlement occupied by Kilinga-Longa, a Zanzibari slave belonging to Abed bin Salim, an old Arab, whose bloody deeds are recorded in "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State." This proved an awful month to us; not one member of the expedition, white or black, will ever forget it. The advance numbered 273 souls on leaving Ugarrowwa's, because out of 389 we had lost sixty-six men by desertion and death between Yambuya and Ugarrowwa's, and had left fifty-six men sick in the Arab station. On reaching Kilinga-Longa's we discovered we had lost fifty-five men by starvation and desertion. We had lived principally on wild fruit, fungi, and a large, flat, bean-shaped nut. The slaves of Abed bin Salim did their utmost to ruin the expedition short of open hostilities. They purchased rifles, ammunition, clothing, so that when we left

their station we were beggared and our men were absolutely naked. We were so weak physically that we were unable to carry the boat and about seventy loads of goods; we therefore left these goods and boat at Kilinga-Longa's under Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, the latter of whom was unable to march, and after twelve days' march we arrived at a native settlement called Ibwiri. Between Kilinga-Longa's and Ibwiri our condition had not improved. The Arab devastation had reached within a few miles of Ibwiri—a devastation so complete that there was not one native hut standing between Ugarrowwa's and Ibwiri, and what had not been destroyed by the slaves of Ugarrowwa's and Abed bin Salem the elephants destroyed, and turned the whole region into a horrible wilderness. But at Ibwiri we were beyond the utmost reach of the destroyers; we were on virgin soil, in a populous region abounding with food. Our suffering from hunger, which began on the 31st of August, terminated on the 12th of November. Ourselves and men were skeletons. Out of 389 we now only numbered 174, several of whom seemed to have no hope of life left. A halt was therefore ordered for the people to recuperate. Hitherto our people were sceptical of what we told them, the suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so endless apparently, that they refused to believe that by-and-by we should see plains and cattle and the Nyanza and the white man, Emin Pasha. We felt as though we were dragging them along with a chain round our necks. "Beyond these raiders lies a country untouched, where food is abundant, and where you will forget your miseries, so cheer up, boys; be men; press on a little faster." They turned a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties, for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian-corn, deserted with the ammunition, and were altogether demoralized. Perceiving that prayers and entreaties and mild punishments were of no

avail, I then resorted to visit upon the wretches the death penalty. Two of the worst cases were accordingly taken and hung in presence of all.

We halted thirteen days in Ibwiri, and revelled on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet-potatoes, yams, beans, etc. The supplies were inexhaustible, and the people glutted themselves; the effect was such that I had 173—one was killed by an arrow—mostly sleek and robust men when I set out for the Albert Nyanza on the 24th of November.

There were still 126 miles from the lake; but, given food, such a distance seemed nothing.

On the 1st of December we sighted the open country from the top of a ridge connected with Mount Pisgah, so named from our first view of the land of promise and plenty. On the 5th of December we emerged upon the plains, and the deadly, gloomy forest was behind us. After 160 days' continuous gloom we saw the light of broad day shining all around us and making all things beautiful. We thought we had never seen grass so green or country so lovely. The men literally yelled and leaped with joy, and raced over the ground with their burdens. Ah, this was the old spirit of former expeditions successfully completed all of a sudden revived.

Woe betide the native aggressor we may meet, however powerful he may be; with such a spirit the men will fling themselves like wolves on sheep. Numbers will not be considered. It had been the eternal forest that had made the abject slavish creatures, so brutally plundered by Arab slaves at Kilonga-Longa's.

On the 9th we came to the country of the powerful chief Mozamboni. The villages were scattered over a great extent of country so thickly that there was no other road except through their villages or fields. From a long distance the natives had sighted us, and were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived in the centre of a mass of vil-

lages—about 4 P.M. on the 9th of December—and occupied it, building a zariba as fast as billhooks could cut brushwood. The war-cries were terrible; from hill to hill they were sent pealing across the intervening valleys, the people gathered by hundreds from every point, war-horns and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as were too bold we checked with but little effort, and a slight skirmish ended in our capturing a cow, the first beef tasted since we left the ocean. The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow. On the morning of the 10th we attempted to open negotiations. The natives were anxious to know who we were, and we were anxious to glean news of the land that threatened to ruin the expedition. Hours were passed talking, both parties keeping a respectable distance apart. The natives said they were subject to Uganda; but that Kabba-Rega was their real king, Mazamboni holding the country for Kabba-Rega. They finally accepted cloth and brass rods to show their King Mazamboni, and his answer was to be given next day. In the mean time all hostilities were to be suspended.

The morning of the 11th dawned, and at 8 A.M. we were startled at hearing a man proclaiming that it was Mazamboni's wish that we should be driven back from the land. The proclamation was received by the valley around our neighborhood with deafening cries. Their word "kanwana" signifies to make peace; "kurwana" signifies war. We were, therefore, in doubt, or rather we hoped we had heard wrongly. We sent an interpreter a little nearer to ask if it was kanwana or kurwana. "Kurwana," they responded, and to emphasize the term two arrows were shot at him, which dissipated all doubt. Our hill stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley 250 yards wide; on the other side the valley was three miles wide. East and west of us the valley broadened into an extensive plain. The higher range of hills was lined

with hundreds preparing to descend; the broader valley was already mustering its hundreds. There was no time to lose. A body of forty men were sent, under Lieutenant Stairs, to attack the broader valley. Mr. Jephson was sent with thirty men east; a choice body of sharp-shooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the highest range. Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of natives, and assaulted the first village and took it. The sharp-shooters did their work effectively, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until it became a general flight. Meantime, Mr. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, and taking their villages as he went. By 3 P.M. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us.

On the morning of the 12th we continued our march; during the day we had four little fights. On the 13th we marched straight east; attacked by new forces every hour until noon, when we halted for refreshments. These we successfully overcame.

At 1 P.M. we resumed our march. Fifteen minutes later I cried out, "Prepare yourselves for a sight of the Nyanza." The men murmured and doubted, and said: "Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us?" At 1.30 P.M. the Albert Nyanza was below them. Now it was my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters, but as I was about to ask them what they saw, so many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon that I could not say a word. This was my reward. The mountains, they said, were the mountains of Unyoro, or rather its lofty plateau wall. Kavalli, the objective point of the expedition, was six miles from us as the crow flies.

We were at an altitude of 5200 feet above the sea. The Albert Nyanza was over 2900 feet below us. We stood in

1 degree 20 minutes north latitude; the south end of the Nyanza lay largely mapped about six miles south of this position. Right across to the eastern shore every dent in its low, flat shore was visible, and traced like a silver snake on a dark ground was the tributary Semliki, flowing into the Albert from the south-west.

After a short halt to enjoy the prospect, we commenced the rugged and stony descent. Before the rear-guard had descended 100 feet, the natives of the plateau we had just left poured after them. Had they shown as much courage and perseverance on the plain as they now exhibited, we might have been seriously delayed. The rear-guard was kept very busy until within a few hundred feet of the Nyanza plain. We camped at the foot of the plateau wall, the aneroids reading 2500 feet above sea-level. A night attack was made on us, but our sentries sufficed to drive these natives away.

At 9 A.M. of the 14th we approached the village of Kakongo, situated at the south-west corner of the Albert Lake. Three hours were spent by us attempting to make friends. We signally failed. They would not allow us to go to the lake because we might frighten their cattle. They would not exchange blood-brotherhood with us, because they never heard of any good people coming from the west side of the lake. They would not accept any present from us, because they did not know who we were. They would give us water to drink, and they would show us our road up to Nyamsas-sic. But from these singular people we learned that they had heard there was a white man at Unyoro, but they had never heard of any white men being on the west side, nor had they seen any steamers on the lake. There were no canoes to be had, except such as would hold the men, etc.

There was no excuse for quarrelling; the people were civil enough, but they did not want us near them. We therefore were shown the path, and followed it a few miles,

when we camped about half a mile from the lake. We began to consider our position, with the light thrown upon it by the conversation with the Kakongo natives. My couriers from Zanzibar had evidently not arrived, or, I presume, Emin Pasha, with his two steamers, would have paid the south-west side of the lake a visit to prepare the natives for our coming. My boat was at Kilinga-Longas, 190 miles distant. There was no canoe obtainable, and to seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel my conscience would not permit. There was no tree anywhere of a size to make canoes. Wadelai was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced as ours. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days of fighting on the plain. A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested which seemed feasible to me, except that of retreating to Ibwiri, build a fort, send a party back to Kilinga-Longas for our boat, store up every load in the fort not conveyable, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it, and raise corn for us; march back again to the Albert Lake, and send the boat to search for Emin Pasha. This was the plan which, after lengthy discussions with my officers, I resolved upon.

On the 15th we marched to the site of Kavalli, on the west side of the lake. Kavalli had years ago been destroyed. At 4 P.M. the Kakongo natives had followed us, and shot several arrows into our bivouac, and disappeared as quickly as they came. At 6 P.M. we began a night march, and by 10 A.M. of the 16th we had gained the crest of the plateau once more. Kakongo natives having persisted in following us up the slope of the plateau. We had one man killed and one wounded.

By January 7th we were in Ibwiri once again, and after a few days' rest, Lieutenant Stairs, with 100 men, was sent to Kilinga-Longas to bring the boat and goods up, also Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson. 'Out of the thirty-eight sick in charge of the officers, only eleven men were brought to the

fort; the rest had died or deserted. On the return of Stairs with the boat and goods, he was sent to Ugarrowwa's to bring up the convalescents there. I granted him thirty-nine days' grace. Soon after his departure I was attacked with gastritis and an abscess on the arm, but after a month's careful nursing by Dr. Parke I recovered, and forty-seven days having expired, I set out again for the Albert Nyanza, April 2d, accompanied by Messrs. Jephson and Parke. Captain Nelson, now recovered, was appointed commandant of Fort Bodo in our absence, with a garrison of forty-three men and boys.

On April 26th we arrived in Mozamboni's country once again, but this time, after solicitation, Mozamboni decided to make blood-brotherhood with me. Though I had fifty rifles less with me on this second visit, the example of Mozamboni was followed by all the other chiefs as far as the Nyanza, and every difficulty seemed removed. Food was supplied gratis; cattle, goats, sheep, and fowls were also given in such abundance that our people lived royally. One day's march from the Nyanza the natives came from Kavalli, and said that a white man named "Malejja" had given their chief a black packet to give to me, his son. Would I follow them? "Yes, to-morrow," I answered, "and if your words are true, I will make you rich."

They remained with us that night, telling us wonderful stories about "big ships as large as islands filled with men," etc., which left no doubt in our mind that this white man was Emin Pasha. The next day's march brought us to the chief Kavalli, and after a while he handed me a note from Emin Pasha, covered with a strip of black American oil-cloth. The note was to the effect "that as there had been a native rumor to the effect that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, he had gone in his steamer to make inquiries, but had been unable to obtain reliable information, as the natives were terribly afraid of Kabba-Rega, King of

Unyoro, and connected every stranger with him." However, the wife of the Nyamsassic chief had told a native ally of his, named Mogo, that she had seen us in Mrusuma (Mozamboni's country). He therefore begged me to remain where I was until he could communicate with me. The note was signed "(Dr.) Emin," and dated March 26th.

The next day, April 23d, Mr. Jephson was despatched with a strong force of men to take the boat to the Nyanza. On the 26th the boat's crew sighted Mswa station, the southernmost belonging to Emin Pasha, and Mr. Jephson was there hospitably received by the Egyptian garrison. The boat's crew say that they were embraced one by one, and that they never had such attention shown to them as by these men, who hailed them as brothers.

On the 29th of April we once again reached the bivouac ground occupied by us on the 16th of December, and at 5 P.M. of that day I saw the *Khedive* steamer about seven miles away steaming up towards us. Soon after 7 P.M. Emin Pasha and Signor Casati and Mr. Jephson arrived at our camp, where they were heartily welcomed by all of us.

The next day we moved to a better camping-place, about three miles above Nyamsassic, and at this spot Emin Pasha also made his camp; we were together until the 25th of May. On that day I left him, leaving Mr. Jephson, three Soudanese, and two Zanzibaris in his care, and in return he caused to accompany me three of his irregulars and 102 Madi natives as porters.

Fourteen days later I was at Fort Bodo. At the fort were Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs. The latter had returned from Ugarrowwa's twenty-two days after I had set out for the lake, April 2d, bringing with him, alas! only sixteen men out of fifty-six. All the rest were dead. My twenty couriers whom I had sent with letters to Major Bartelot had safely left Ugarrowwa's for Yambuya on March 16th.

Fort Bodo was in a flourishing state. Nearly ten acres were under cultivation. One crop of Indian corn had been harvested and was in the granaries; they had just commenced planting again.

On the 16th of June I left Fort Bodo with 111 Zanzibaris and 101 of Emin Pasha's people. Lieutenant Stairs had been appointed commandant of the fort, Nelson second in command, and Surgeon Parke medical officer. The garrison consisted of fifty-nine rifles. I had thus deprived myself of all my officers in order that I should not be encumbered with baggage and provisions and medicines, which would have to be taken if accompanied by Europeans, and every carrier was necessary for the vast stores left with Major Barttelot. On the 24th of June we reached Kilinga Longa's, and July 19th Ugarrowwa's. The latter station was deserted. Ugarrowwa, having gathered as much ivory as he could obtain from that district, had proceeded down the river about three months before. On leaving Fort Bodo I had loaded every carrier with about sixty pounds of corn, so that we had been able to pass through the wilderness unscathed.

Passing on down river as fast as we could go, daily expecting to meet the couriers, who had been stimulated to exert themselves for a reward of £10 per head, or the major himself leading an army of carriers, we indulged ourselves in these pleasing anticipations as we neared the goal.

On the 10th of August we overtook Ugarrowwa with an immense flotilla of fifty-seven canoes, and to our wonder our couriers now reduced to seventeen. They related an awful story of hair-breadth escapes and tragic scenes. Three of their number had been slain, two were still feeble from their wounds, all except five bore on their bodies the scars of arrow wounds.

A week later, on August 17th, we met the rear column of the expedition at a place called Bunalya, or, as the Arabs have corrupted it, Unarya. There was a white man at the

gate of the stockade, whom I at first thought was Mr. Jamieson, but a nearer view revealed the features of Mr. Bonny, who left the medical service of the army to accompany us.

"Well, my dear Bonny, where is the major?"

"He is dead, sir; shot by the Manyema about a month ago."

"Good God! and Mr. Jamieson?"

"He has gone to Stanley Falls to try and get some more men from Tippu Tib."

"And Mr Troup?"

"Mr. Troup has gone home, sir, invalided."

"Hem! well, where is Ward?"

"Mr. Ward is at Bangala, sir."

"Heavens alive! then you are the only one here?"

"Yes, sir."

I found the rear column a terrible wreck. Out of 257 men there were only seventy-one remaining. Out of seventy-one only fifty-two, on mustering them, seemed fit for service, and these mostly were scarecrows. The advance had performed the march from Yumbuya to Bunalya in sixteen days, despite native opposition. The rear column performed the same distance in forty-three days. According to Mr. Bonny, during the thirteen months and twenty days that had elapsed since I had left Yambuya, the record is only one of disaster, desertion, and death. I have not the heart to go into the details, many of which are incredible, and, indeed, I have not the time, for, excepting Mr. Bonny, I have no one to assist me in reorganizing the expedition. There are still far more loads than I can carry; at the same time articles needful are missing. For instance, I left Yambuya with only a short campaigning kit, leaving my reserve of clothing and personal effects in charge of the officers. In December some deserters from the advance column reached Yambuya to spread the report that I was dead. They had no papers with them, but the officers seemed to accept the report of

these deserters as a fact, and in January Mr. Ward, at an officers' mess meeting, proposed that my instructions should be cancelled. The only one who appears to have dissented was Mr. Bonny. Accordingly, my personal kit, medicines, soap, candles, and provisions were sent down the Congo as "superfluities!" Thus, after making this immense personal sacrifice to relieve them and cheer them up, I find myself naked, and deprived of even the necessities of life in Africa. But, strange to say, they have kept two hats, four pairs of boots, and a flannel jacket; and I propose to go back to Emin Pasha and across Africa with this truly African kit. Livingstone, poor fellow, was all in patches when I met him, but it will be the reliever himself who will be in patches this time. Fortunately not one of my officers will envy me, for their kits are intact—it was only myself that was dead.

I pray you to say that we were only eighty-two days from the Albert Lake to Benalya, and sixty-one from Fort Bodo. The distance is not very great; it is the people who fail one. Going to Nyanza we felt as though we had the tedious task of dragging them; on returning, each man knew the road and did not need any stimulus. Between the Nyanza and here we only lost three men, one of which was by desertion. I brought 131 Zanzibaris here; I left fifty-nine at Fort Bodo; total, 190 men out of 389; loss, fifty per cent. At Yambuya I left 257 men. There are only seventy-one left, ten of whom will never leave this camp: loss, over 270 per cent. This proves that though the sufferings of the advance were unprecedented, the mortality was not so great as in camp at Yambuya. The survivors of the march are all robust, while the survivors of the rear column are thin and most unhealthy-looking.

I have thus rapidly sketched out our movements since June 28, 1887. I wish I had the leisure to furnish more details, but I cannot find the time. I write this amid the hurry and bustle of departure and amid constant interrup-

tions. You will, however, have gathered from this letter an idea of the nature of the country traversed by us. We were 160 days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grass-land was traversed by us in eight days. The limits of the forest along the edge of the grass-land are well marked. We saw it extending north-easterly, with its curves and bays and capes, just like a sea-shore. South-westerly it preserved the same character. North and south the forest area extends from Nyangwe to the southern borders of the Monbuttu; east and west it embraces all from the Congo, at the mouth of the Aruwimi, to about east longitude 29° to 40° . How far west beyond the Congo the forest reaches I do not know. The superficial extent of the tract thus described—totally covered by forest—is 246,000 square miles. North of the Congo, between Upoto and the Aruwimi, the forest embraces another 20,000 square miles.

Between Yambuya and the Nyanza we came across five distinct languages. The last is that which is spoken by the Wanyoro, Wanyankori, Wanya Ruanda, Wahha, and people of Karangwe and Ukerewe.

The land slopes gently from the crest of the plateau above the Nyanza down to the Congo River, from an altitude of 5500 feet to 1400 feet above the sea. North and south of our track through the grass-land the face of the land was much broken by groups of cones or isolated mounts or ridges. North we saw no land higher than about 6000 feet above the sea, but bearing 215° degrees magnetic, at the distance of about fifty miles from our camp on the Nyanza, we saw a towering mountain, its summit covered with snow, and probably 17,000 feet or 18,000 feet above the sea. It is called Ruevenzori, and will probably prove a rival to Kilimanjaro. I am not sure that it may not prove to be the Gordon Bennett Mountain in Gambaragara, but there are two reasons for doubting it to be the same—first, it is a little too far west for the position of the latter as given by me in 1876; and,

secondly, we saw no snow on the Gordon Bennett. I might mention a third, which is that the latter is a perfect cone apparently, while the Ruevenzori is an oblong mount, nearly level on the summit, with two ridges extending north-east and south-west.

I have met only three natives who have seen the lake towards the south. They agree that it is large, but not so large as the Albert Nyanza.

The Aruwimi becomes known as the Suhali about 100 miles above Yambuya; as it nears the Nepoko it is called the Nevoa; beyond its confluence with the Nepoko it is known as the No Welle; 300 miles from the Congo it is called the Itiri, which is soon changed into the Ituri, which name it retains to its source. Ten minutes' march from the Ituri waters we saw the Nyanza, like a mirror in its immense gulf.

Before closing my letter let me touch more at large on the subject which brought me to this land—viz., Emin Pasha.

The Pasha has two battalions of regulars under him—the first, consisting of about 750 rifles, occupies Duffle Honyu Laboré, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden, Rejaf; the second battalion, consisting of 640 men, guards the stations of Wadelai Fatiko, Mahagi, and Mswa, a line of communication along the Nyanza, and Nile about 180 geographical miles in length. In the interior west of the Nile he retains three or four small stations—fourteen in all. Besides these two battalions he has quite a respectable force of irregulars, sailors, artisans, clerks, servants. "Altogether," he said, "if I consent to go away from here, we shall have about 8000 people with us."

"Were I in your place I would not hesitate one moment, or be a second in doubt what to do."

"What you say is quite true, but we have such a large number of women and children, probably 10,000 people altogether. How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a great number of carriers."

"Carriers! carriers for what?" I asked.

"For the women and children. You surely would not leave them, and they cannot travel."

"The women must walk. It will do them more good than harm. As for the little children, load them on the donkeys. I hear you have about two hundred of them. Your people will not travel very far the first month, but little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our Zanzibar women crossed Africa on my second expedition. Why cannot your black women do the same? Have no fear of them; they will do better than the men."

"They would require a vast amount of provision for the road."

"True, but you have some thousands of cattle, I believe. Those will furnish beef. The countries through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food."

"Well, well, we will defer further talk till to-morrow."

May 1, 1888.—Halt in camp at Nsabé. The Pasha came ashore from the steamer *Khedive* about 1 P.M., and in a short time we commenced our conversation again. Many of the arguments used above were repeated, and he said:

"What you told me yesterday has led me to think that it is best we should retire from here. The Egyptians are very willing to leave. There are of these about one hundred men, besides their women and children. Of these there is no doubt; and even if I stayed here I should be glad to be rid of them, because they undermine my authority and nullify all my endeavors for retreat. When I informed them that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon Pasha was slain, they always told the Nubians that it was a concocted story, that some day we should see the steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the regulars who compose the 1st and 2d battalions, I am extremely doubtful; they have led such a free and happy life here that they would demur at leaving a country where they have enjoyed luxuries they

cannot command in Egypt. The soldiers are married, and several of them have harems. Many of the irregulars would also retire and follow me. Now, supposing the regulars refuse to leave, you can imagine that my position would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them all to ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and, on retiring, all discipline would be at an end. Disputes would arise, and factions would be formed. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from these rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter until there would be none of them left."

"Supposing you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?" I asked.

"Oh, these I shall have to ask you to be good enough to take with you."

"Now, will you, Pasha, do me the favor to ask Captain Casati if we are to have the pleasure of his company to the sea, for we have been instructed to assist him also should we meet?"

Captain Casati answered through Emin Pasha:

"What the Governor Emin decides upon shall be the rule of conduct for me also. If the Governor stays, I stay. If the Governor goes, I go."

"Well, I see, Pasha, that in the event of your staying your responsibilities will be great."

A laugh. The sentence was translated to Casati, and the gallant captain replied:

"Oh, I beg pardon, but I absolve the Pasha from all responsibility connected with me, because I am governed by my own choice entirely."

Thus day after day I recorded faithfully the interviews I had with Emin Pasha; but these extracts reveal as much as is necessary for you to understand the position. I left Mr. Jephson thirteen of my Soudanese, and sent a message

to be read to the troops, as the Pasha requested. Everything else is left until I return with the united expedition to the Nyanza.

Within two months the Pasha proposed to visit Fort Bodo, taking Mr. Jephson with him. At Fort Bodo I have left instructions to the officers to destroy the fort and accompany the Pasha to the Nyanza. I hope to meet them all again on the Nyanza, as I intend making a short-cut to the Nyanza along a new road.

Yours respectfully,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

LETTER VI.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE MARCH—PICTURE OF AN AFRICAN FOREST.

[THE following is a letter from Mr. Stanley to Mr. A. L. Bruce, of Edinburgh, containing further details of the journey described in the previous letter.]

Central Africa, S. Mupé, Ituri R.,
September 4, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. BRUCE,—I write this letter, not because I know of any opportunity by which I could safely send it to you, but because I owe you many a letter, and memory of your kindness pricks me to have a written word or two ready by me in case a future opportunity offers. My last letter was dated yesterday, and sent to our mutual friend Mackinnon, for the Royal Geographical Society, and your own pet, the Scottish. But the courier has gone, or rather separated from me.

While in England, considering the best routes open to the Nyanza (Albert), I thought I was very liberal in allowing myself two weeks' march to cross the forest region

lying between the Congo and the grass-land, but you may imagine our feelings when month after month saw us marching, tearing, ploughing, cutting through that same continuous forest. It took us 160 days before we could say "Thank God we are out of the darkness at last." At one time we were all—whites and blacks—almost "done up." September, October, and half of that month of November, 1887, will not be forgotten by us. October will be specially memorable to us for the sufferings we endured. Our officers were heartily sick of the forest, but the loyal blacks, a band of 130, followed me once again into the wild, trackless forest, with its hundreds of inconveniences, to assist their comrades of the rear column. Try and imagine some of these inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colors murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night, and then if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us from June 28 to December 5, 1887,

and from June 1, 1888, to the present date, to continue again from the present date till about December 10, 1888, when I hoped then to say a last farewell to the Congo forest. Now that we have gone through and through this forest region, I only feel a surprise that I did not give a greater latitude to my ideas respecting its extent; for had we thought of it, it is only what might have been deduced from our knowledge of the great sources of moisture necessary to supply the forest with the requisite sap and vitality. Think of the large extent of the South Atlantic Ocean, whose vapors are blown during nine months of the year in this direction. Think of the broad Congo, varying from one to sixteen miles wide, which has a stretch of 1400 miles, supplying another immeasurable quantity of moisture, to be distilled into rain and mist and dew over this insatiable forest; and then another 600 miles of the Aruwimi or Ituri itself, and then you will cease to wonder that there are about 150 days of rain every year in this region, and that the Congo Forest covers such a wide area.

Until we set foot on the grass-land, something like fifty miles west of the Albert Nyanza, we saw nothing that looked a smile, or a kind thought, or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti—are worse still, far worse. Animal life is likewise so wild and shy that no sport is to be enjoyed. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, is dark and sombre. The sky one-half the time every day resembles a wintry sky in England; the face of Nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it, and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapor below the horizon, and the bright light reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalize us with a short-lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure.

Emerging from the forest finally, we all became enrapt-

ured. Like a captive unfettered and set free, we rejoiced at sight of the blue cope of heaven, and freely bathed in the warm sunshine, and aches and gloomy thoughts and unwholesome ideas were banished. You have heard how the London cit., after months of devotion to business in the gaseous atmosphere of that great city, falls into rapture at sight of the green fields and hedges, meadows and trees, and how his emotions, crowding on his dazed senses, are indescribable. Indeed, I have seen Derby Day once, and I fancied then that I only saw madmen, for great bearded, hoary-headed fellows, though well-dressed enough, behaved in the most idiotic fashion, amazing me quite. Well, on this December 5th we became suddenly smitten with madness in the same manner. Had you seen us you would have thought we had lost our senses, or that "Legion" had entered and taken possession of us. We raced with our loads over a wide unfenced field (like an English park for the softness of its grass), and herds of buffalo, eland, and roan antelope stood on either hand, with pointed ears and wide eyes, wondering at the sudden wave of human beings yelling with joy as they issued out of the dark depths of the forest.

On the confines of this forest, near a village which was rich in sugar-cane, ripe bananas, tobacco, Indian-corn, and other productions of aboriginal husbandry, we came across an ancient woman lying asleep. I believe she was a leper and an outcast, but she was undoubtedly ugly, vicious, and old; and being old, she was obstinate. I practised all kinds of seductive arts to get her to do something besides crossly mumbling, but of no avail. Curiosity having drawn towards us about a hundred of our people, she fastened fixed eyes on one young fellow (smooth-faced and good-looking), and smiled. I caused him to sit near her, and she became voluble enough — beauty and youth had tamed the "beast." From her talk we learned that there was a powerful tribe called the Bazanza, with a great king, to the north-east of

our camp, of whom we might be well afraid, as the people were as numerous as grass. Had we learned this ten days earlier, I might have become anxious for the result, but it now only drew a contemptuous smile from the people, for each one, since he had seen the grass-land and evidences of meat, had been transformed into a hero.

We poured out on the plain a frantic multitude, but after an hour or two we became an orderly column. Into the emptied villages of the open country we proceeded, to regale ourselves on melon, rich-flavored bananas, and plantains, and great pots full of wine. The fowls, unaware of the presence of a hungry mob, were knocked down, plucked, roasted or boiled; the goats, meditatively browsing or chewing the cud, were suddenly seized and decapitated, and the grateful aroma of roast meat gratified our senses. An abundance, a prodigal abundance, of good things, had awaited our eruption into the grass-land. Every village was well stocked with provisions, and even luxuries long denied to us. Under such fare the men became most robust, diseases healed as if by magic, the weak became strong, and there was not a *goee-goe* or chicken-heart left. Only the Babusesse, near the main Ituri, were tempted to resist the invasion.

Between the Ituri and the Nyanza, however, the fighting was sharp and almost continuous to the edge of the lake. The will to fight was very evident, but our people drove them to flight upon every occasion. This region is inhabited by remnants of tribes who have come from Unyoro, Itoro, south-east and south, and from other nations north, to settle, by force or consent, among the Wahuma shepherds and herdsmen. The most numerous are the Baregga, or Balegga, who occupy a compact mass of hills south-west of Lake Albert, and whose territory extends down to the level of the Albert. The Baregga also made the most fierce and obstinate resistance to us. For three days in succession they poured down the hills on our flank and rear. Having

learned that there was no hope of satisfying them except by a hasty withdrawal, we simply pressed on, and fronted them on each occasion with smoking Remingtons, until the waste tract of the Nyanza gave us a breathing spell.

At the Nyanza there was no news to be had of Emin Pasha. Our couriers from Zanzibar had not arrived evidently. It was an inhospitable wilderness; not a sizable tree could be found; the natives were aggressive and confident. By a night march we regained the crest of the plateau unknown to the natives. Another serious bout took place. Again we drove the Baregga back; again we passed through Mazamboni's valleys, and despite the utmost endeavors of the natives, recrossed the Ituri, and entered the forest region, until we gained Ibwiri, eleven marches from the Nyanza. At this place we built a fort; that is, we dug a ditch, made a breastwork, erected tall platforms for sharpshooters, and surrounded the whole with a maze of fences. The absence of our boat had caused this retreat from the lake. We now proposed to remedy this. We sent a hundred men under Lieutenant Stairs to bring up the boat and goods, and two officers, Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, left behind at a place eight marches south from Ibwiri. Meantime we cultivated the land, planted corn, beans, and tobacco; and having left a sufficient garrison in the fort, called Bodo, or "Peace," we marched for the Albert Lake a second time, April 2, 1889.

The sharp punishment the natives of the grass-land had received on our first visit had so tamed them that they all made peace with us one after the other, paid indemnities for expenses in the shape of cattle and food. They cut wood, bore water to the camp, carried our ammunition and material, furnished us with guides, and escorted us by hundreds. We had but to express a wish and it was gratified. As we were nearing the lake, a chief named Kavalli handed me a note. The note was from Emin Pasha, requesting us to stay

where we were until he could communicate with us. As this would mean a delay, I despatched Mr. Jephson with the boat and fifty men to launch the boat, because now there was no fear, as all the land round about, from the forest to the lake, the chiefs made formal tender of to me.

Three days later Mr. Jephson arrived at the first of Emin Pasha's stations, where he was soon joined by the Egyptian Governor and his staff, and two days later we received the Pasha and his staff, Captain Casati, and Mr. Jephson at our camp near Kavalli, on the Nyanza, where we learned that everything was as well as it should be, and that we had been in ample time for such relief as he required.

After a stay of twenty-six days with the Pasha there was one work still to be done, and that was to find the rear column under Major Barttelot, of whom we had not heard a word since we left him on the 28th of June, 1887. Had the *Stanley* steamer arrived in due time with Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny, and the 126 men left at Bolobo? Had Tippu Tib joined the major, according to contract, at Zanzibar? If so, why so slow? Unless some serious hitch had taken place, we must surely have met him, or heard of him in February, March, or April, while at Fort Bodo collecting our convalescents. These questions were being daily discussed, and numerous conjectures were made as to the reasons for this delay. Indeed, I felt more anxiety about the rear column than I had felt for Emin Pasha, since to the rear column was confided the largest number of stores of every kind. Our advance had only been a kind of forlorn hope, to carry assurance of relief principally. Then, the major was inexperienced in African travelling, knowing no language but English and French, and a little Arabic, but of undoubted bravery, loyalty, and resolution.

Leaving Stairs, Nelson, and Parke at Fort Bodo—Jephson with Emin Pasha—we started from the fort June 16, 1888. Fifty-seven days later we overtook our couriers that

had been started from Fort Bodo February 16th with letters to the major; and four days after this we met the rear column, or, rather, the miserable, forlorn, and despised remnant of it, with only Mr. Bonny in charge. Poor Major Barttelot was dead, shot by his auxiliary carriers, to obtain whom he had wasted so many months. Mr. Jamieson was *en route* to Bangala, 600 miles lower down the Congo. Mr. Troup had been invalided home, and Mr. Ward was detained at Bangala by an order from Major Barttelot and Mr. Jamieson; and Mr. Bonny, the inferior officer, was left in charge of the rear column, which numbered about a fourth of the number I had left with the officers, for out of 257 there were only seventy-one, many of them too sick to move, the majority worthless as carriers, and only about ten at all presentable or suitable for the long journey before us.

Sept. 5th.—Another time I have been able to send off a letter. Salim bin Mohammed will take this to Stanley Falls.

God bless you! Remember me kindly to your wife and children.

Ever yours,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

A. L. Bruce, Esq.

LETTER VII.

GEOGRAPHICAL RESULTS BETWEEN YAMBUYA AND THE ALBERT NYANZA.

Mariri Rapids, Ituri River, Central Africa, *September 1, 1888.*

To the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, 1 Savile Row, London.

SIR,—I take advantage of the portage now being conducted overland along these Rapids to give you some geographical details of the New Land lately traversed, and now about to be re-traversed by us.

Yambuya, our intrenched camp, is in N. lat. $1^{\circ} 17'$, E.

long. $25^{\circ} 8'$; the objective point of the expedition was Kavalli, in N. lat. $1^{\circ} 22'$, E. long. $30^{\circ} 30'$. In a direct line the distance is 322 geographical miles. Until we penetrated and marched through it, this region was entirely unexplored, and untrodden by either white or Arab. For the purposes of this expedition, we should have wished to have known something of it, but we could glean no information respecting the interior, because the natives were so wild and shy of all strangers.

Having selected my officers and men, my force numbered 389, rank and file. The rest of the expedition was left at Yambuya until the rear column could be collected from Bolobo and Stanley Pool. We bore a steel boat 28 by 6 feet with us, about three tons of ammunition, and a couple of tons of sundries, provisions, etc., etc. With all these goods and baggage we had a reserve force of about 180 supernumeraries. Half of them carried, besides their Winchesters, billhooks to pierce the bush and cut down obstructions. This band formed the pioneers—a most useful body.

The path leading from Yambuya was tolerable only for about five miles; we were then introduced into the difficulties which more or less would impede our movements and arrest rapid progress. These consisted of creepers varying from one-eighth of an inch to fifteen inches in diameter, swinging across the path in bowlines, or loops, sometimes massed and twisted together, also of a low, dense bush, occupying the sites of old clearings, which had to be carved through before a passage was possible. Where years had elapsed since the clearings had been abandoned we found a young forest, and the spaces between the trees choked with climbing plants, vegetable creepers, and tall plants. This kind had to be tunnelled through before an inch of progress could be made. The primeval forest offered least obstruction, but the atmosphere was close, stagnant, impure, and an eternal gloom reigned there, intensified every other day by

the thick black clouds charged with rain so characteristic of this forest region.

We camped at Yakondé, a populous settlement opposite rapids, on the first day of departure, the 28th June, 1887. Along the river-bank no path could be found; besides, the river trended too much to the north-east for the course I proposed to take; we therefore cut a path through the manioc fields and came upon a travelled road leading from village to village inland. In a few days we became fully initiated into the subtleties of savage warfare. Every art known to native minds for annoying strangers was practised by these natives. The path frequently had shallow pits filled with sharpened splinters, or skewers, deftly covered over with large leaves. For barefooted people this proved a terrible punishment. Often the skewers would perforate the feet quite through; at other times the tops would be buried in the feet, resulting in gangrenous sores. We had ten men lamed by these skewers—so efficiently lamed that few of them recovered to be of much use to us. One of the approaches to every village was a straight road, perhaps a hundred yards long, and twelve feet wide, cleared of jungle, but bristling with these skewers carefully and cunningly hidden at every place likely to be trodden by an incautious foot. The real path was crooked, and took a wide détour; the cut road appeared so tempting, so straight, and so short. At the village end was the watchman, to beat his drum and sound the alarm, when every native would take his weapons and proceed to the appointed place to ply his bow at every opportunity. Yet despite a formidable list of hostile measures and attempts, no life was lost, though our wounded increased in number.

After a few days of this work the path became an elephant track, leading south-east and south and south-west. We again changed our course. By compass, we found a path leading north-east and east, and on the 5th July touched

the river again, and being free of rapids apparently, I lightened the advance column of the steel boat and forty loads. The boat proved invaluable; she not only carried our cripples and sick, but also nearly two tons of goods. From July 5th to the middle of October we clung to the river. Sometimes its immense curves and long trend north-east would give me sharp twinges of doubt that it was wise to cling to it; on the other hand, the sufferings of the people, the long continuity of forest, the numerous creeks, the mud, the offensive atmosphere, the perpetual rains, the long-lasting mugginess, pleaded eloquently against the abandonment of the river until north lat. 2° should be attained. North lat. 2° I put down as the limit; I would prefer to dare anything than go farther north. In favor of the river was also the certainty of obtaining food. Such a fine, broad stream as this, we argued, would surely have settlements on its banks; the settlements would furnish food by fair means or force.

The river retained a noble width—from 500 to 900 yards—with an island here and there, sometimes a group of islets, the resorts of oyster-fishermen. Such piles of oyster-shells! On one island I measured a heap thirty paces long, twelve feet wide at the base, and four feet high.

Such a land for flies, insects, and butterflies! The butterflies congregate around me as I write this letter, and flap their wings in approval of this statement. There are clouds of the latter sailing daily up and across stream, which last for hours.

At almost every bend of the river, generally in the middle of the bend—because a view of the river approach up and down stream may be had—there is a village of conical huts of the candle-extinguisher type. Some bends have a large series of these villages populated by some thousands of natives. The villages of Banalya, Bakubana, and Bungangeta tribes run close to each other along a single long bend. The first has become famous through the tragedy ending in the

death of Major Barttelot. An island opposite the site of the Bungangeta villages I occupied to reorganize the expedition, which had almost become a wreck through the misfortunes of the rear column. The abundance found by us will never be found again, for the Arabs have followed my track by hundreds, and destroyed villages and plantations, and what the Arabs spare, the elephant herds complete.

Interneceine conflicts of native tribe against native tribe have also taken place—at least numerous old clearings suggest this, and stockades along the river-fronts of the villages. So many were these that a large expedition could have been supported by the fields of manioc to which no owner seemed to lay claim.

On the 9th of July we came to the rapids of Gwengweré, another populous district. Near here I saw a stratum of oyster-shells, covered with three feet of alluvial soil. How many scores of years have elapsed since the old aborigines fed on these bivalves? I should like to know; and what was the tribe's name, and where, if any exists, is the remnant? For waves of wild peoples have come and gone over this land, as over other lands. Indeed, these villages, though so close together, shelter many little tribes of men. At Gwengweré Rapids, for instance, there are the Bakoka, Bagwengweré, and a little higher up are the Bapupa, Bandangi, and Banali; the tap of a drum alarms all; while inland are the Bambalulu and the Baburu, the latter of whom are spread out over a considerable region. The Baburu call the river Suhali.

The mornings generally were stern and sombre, the sky covered with lowering and heavy clouds; at other times thick mist buried everything, clearing off about 9 A.M., sometimes not till 11 A.M. Nothing stirs then; insect life is asleep, and the forest is still as death; the dark river, darkened by lofty walls of thick forest and vegetation, is silent as a grave, our heart-throbs seem almost clamorous, and our in-

most thoughts loud. If no rain follows this darkness, the sun appears from behind the cloudy masses, the mist disappears, and life wakens up before its brilliancy. Butterflies scurry through the air, a solitary ibis croaks an alarm, a diver flies across the stream, the forest is full of a strange murmur, and somewhere up-river booms the alarm drum. The quick-sighted natives have seen us, voices vociferate challenges, there is a flash of spears, and hostile passions are aroused.

On the 17th of July, 1887, we camped at this very place where I now write this letter on the 1st of September, 1888, thirteen and one-half months ago. Beyond Mariri Rapids is a large settlement on the south bank called Mupe; there is another portion of the same tribe located a little higher up on the north bank. Up to this place there is no decided fall of water; the rapids are caused by reefs of rock, through which the river has channelled passages, where the current is like that of a sluice. Conveying as we do such stores of ammunition and baggage, there is a delay of perhaps two days at such rapid, for we have to carry the baggage overland, and either pole or haul the canoes through the rushing currents.

The next rapids are those near Bandeya, which we reached on the 25th of July. Between Mariri and Bandeya Rapids are located the Balulu, Batunda, Bumbwa, and at the last rapids are the Bwamburi. Inland, to the north, are the Batua, and Mabodi occupy the region farther east. To the south are the Bundiba peoples, the Binyali, and Bakongo.

Peace among the river tribes is signified by tossing water upward with the hand or paddle, and letting it fall on their heads. If we believed them, the natives all suffered from famine—there was no corn, nor bananas, nor sugar-cane, nor fowls, goats, or anything else. Exhibition of brass wire, cowries, or beads had no charm for them—because, since they had no food, such kinds of currency were unattainable. Long ago we had surely all died from want had we been so

simple as to believe them. In every attempt at barter we suffered from the cunning rogues. A brass rod only purchased three ears of corn—in a short time a fowl rose to five brass rods. To live at all, we had to take what we could, for our would-be friends were our worst enemies, because they aided a constant enemy to us—hunger.

At a place called Mugwye's, above the rapids of Bandeya, there is a cluster of seven villages, backed by plantations of bananas and manioc-fields miles square. An entire day was spent by us pleading, begging, and expostulating, and bartering at terribly dear prices—about a third of the people had received about three ears of corn each for their cowries and brass rods. The shamefulness of this you will better understand when I tell you that at Bangala, 800 miles nearer the ocean, a brass rod purchases ten rolls of cassava bread, three cowries purchased about fifty bananas, etc.; here a brass rod ought to have purchased twenty rolls of bread, or two large bunches of bananas. Well, we went over in the boat and canoes and helped ourselves, and prepared food for the nine days' wilderness ahead of us.

Four days' march above Mugwye's, we came to Panga Falls—a decided fall of thirty feet in the centre. The people here tried to cozen us also; but as life could not be sustained with empty words, our intercourse was but short.

Above Panga the rapids became more frequent—there is Nejambi, Mabengu, and Avugadu; and a day's paddling above the latter we come to the settlement of Avejeli, opposite the cataract by which the Nepoko, 300 yards wide, tumbles into the Ituri, or Aruwimi.

We gain but little information from natives with whom we establish friendship—they are too suspicious and prone to lying; our best sources are those whom we succeed in capturing. After a day's experience of us they recover their equanimity and impart readily what they know, or at least as much as we can understand of their languages.

There was a stout, well-built native captured at Mugwye's. He reported to us that there was a large lake to the E.S.E., called Nouma, or Uma; it would be found where the Nepoko and Nowelle join and become one. It took a native two days to cross the lake. There was a large island in the middle full of terrible serpents. I was anxious to see this lake, for I looked upon it as a means of lightening our labors. A water-way taking us 100 miles—or even sixty miles east—would be invaluable to us. Road-cutting and hundreds of obstacles met in forest-marching would be done away with. Some of the terrible serpents we would secure, in some way, as specimens. The native was so precise as to locality that we believed him, but two days from Avejeli our guide escaped, and his story turned out to be a fable; for we never heard more of Nouma, or of any other lake while in the forest region.

Nejambi Rapids mark the division between two different kinds of architecture and language. Below, the cone huts are to be found; above the rapids we have villages long and straight, of detached square huts surrounded by tall logs of the Rubiaceæ wood, which form separate courts, and add materially to the strength of a village. Defended by rifles, such villages would require a large force to capture. The walls of the huts are jealously screened with logs also. We found, after a few days' experience among these, that the natives have been compelled to adopt there many precautions against the poisoned arrows in use throughout the region. At Avisibba, about half-way between Panga Falls and the Nepoko, the natives attacked our camp in quite a resolute and determined fashion. Their stores of poisoned arrows, they thought, gave them every advantage; and, indeed, when the poison is fresh it is most deadly. Lieutenant Stairs and five men were wounded by these. Lieutenant Stairs's wound was from an arrow the poison of which was dry—it must have been put on some days before. After three weeks or

so he recovered strength, though the wound was not closed for months. One man received a slight puncture near the wrist; he died from tetanus five days after. Another received a puncture near the shoulder in the muscles of the arm; he died six hours later than the first case—of tetanus also. One was wounded in the gullet—a slight puncture; he died on the seventh day. I believe one wounded in the side died at night the same day. Tetanus ended the sufferings of all. We were much exercised as to what this poison might be that was so deadly. On returning from the Nyanza to relieve the rear column, under Major Barttelot, we halted at Avisibba, and, rummaging among the huts, found several packets of dried red ants, or pismires. It was then we knew that the dried bodies of these, ground into powder, cooked in palm oil, and smeared over the wooden points of the arrows, was the deadly irritant by which we lost so many fine men with such terrible suffering. Now we wonder that we have been so long in the dark, for we could create any number of poisons from such insects as we have seen. The large black ant, for instance, whose bite causes a great blister, would be still more venomous prepared in the same way; the small gray caterpillars would make another irritant which, mixed with the blood, would torture a man to death; the bloated spiders, an inch in length, which are covered with prickles most painful to the touch, would form another terrible compound, the effects of which make one shudder to think of. These poisons are prepared in the woods. In the depths of the forest the savage makes his fire and prepares the fatal venom which lays low even the huge elephant. It is forbidden to cook it near a village. In the forest he smears his arrows, and having covered the points with fresh leaves lest he himself might be a victim, he is ready for war.

I could write a book almost upon the various species of bees found in this forest region, and several books might be written about the multitude of curious insects we have seen.

What with the bees of all kinds, the wasps, the various kinds of ticks, gnats, etc., our lives have been made just as miserable as they could well be. We were prepared to encounter the most ferocious cannibals, but the Central African forest now opened for the first time contains some horrors within its gloomy bosom that we were not prepared for.

The banks of the river, covered with forest from the Congo to the Nepoko, are uniformly low; here and there they rise to about forty feet; but above the Nepoko, hills begin to crop up more frequently, palms are more numerous, and the woods show the tall, white-stemmed trees so characteristic of the slopes of the Lower Congo. Apropos of these, the natives have a curious way of clearing the woods: they make a platform about ten or fifteen, or even twenty, feet high above the reach of the buttress, and chop the trees down at that height. A clearing will show a few hundreds of trees thus cropped; and when the bark is decayed, a stranger might fancy, from a first view of the field, that he had come upon a ruined city of temples.

Above the Nepoko, navigation becomes more difficult, rapids are more frequent—there are two considerable falls to be met with. The land rises steadily, until about 400 miles above Yambuya the river is contracted into a rushing stream about 100 yards wide, banked by the steep walls of a cañon, though of course in this forest region woods clothe the slopes and summits. Whatever changes the face of the land may show, the forest covers peak, hill, ridge, valley, plain—everywhere it is continuous, nowhere broken, except at such clearings as man has made.

We braved this stream, wild as it was, for a few days longer, but finally progress became impossible. We emptied canoes and boat of their loads, mustered the caravan, and found we were so physically weak that we could not carry them. Ulcers, famine, dysentery, had sapped the strength of a great number. The whole of October, though we had

only about fifty miles to travel, was spent in gaining the settlement of Kilonga-Longa, about 460 miles above Yambuya, sending relief parties back to the survivors of those we had left behind. Had we been a year earlier—say had we started in 1886 instead of 1887—we should have met with plenty of food up to the Nyanza; but the Arabs, or two Arabs and their followers, had devastated a whole region. Fungi and wild fruit sustained us; and those who could not get sufficient of the strange things we lived upon perished, or deserted the starving column to die elsewhere.

You can understand our course hitherto. From Yambuya's position $1^{\circ} 17'$ N. lat., we reached with the winding river $1^{\circ} 58'$ N. lat.; from that point we gradually came south to 1° N. Kilonga-Longa's is in north latitude $1^{\circ} 6'$, and from this point we struck an almost direct line to Ibwiri, N. lat. $1^{\circ} 20'$, 3600 feet above the sea, then direct to Mount Pisgah in N. lat. $1^{\circ} 21'$, whence we first caught a view of the grass-land.

From Kilonga-Longa's to the base of Pisgah the people are Bakumu, and from the south bank of the Ituri to Stanley Falls on the Congo, the people are known under that term. East of the Ituri, above Kilonga-Longa's, the people are Balesa, while in the forest region. The style of villages is a single street, flanked by huts connected one with another, of uniform height and make. One of these villages is like a long, low hut, say 200, 300, or even 400 yards long, sawn from end to end in half—each half removed from the other to make a street between, varying from twenty to sixty feet in width.

Having left the regions invaded by the Arabs and their followers in their search for ivory, we fared well, and lived almost sumptuously. Our people regained their lost strength and became men once more, ready and willing to do anything or go anywhere. We showed them the grass-land; with grass they connected cattle, quite a sufficient inducement to spur them on.

June 28th we began our march through the forest; on December 5th we entered the grass-land—a beautiful rolling country. On the 6th we crossed a branch of the Ituri, forty yards broad, flowing from N.N.W.; on the 9th we crossed the main Ituri, 125 yards broad, coming from N.N.E.; on the 10th we crossed another branch of the Ituri coming from E.N.E.; on the 13th we looked down upon the Albert Nyanza from a height (by aneroid) of 5200 feet. This was the highest point of land reached by us, though on either side of this there were points attaining an altitude of quite 6000 feet. And from this highest point there was a sudden drop of 2900 feet to the level of the Albert Lake.

As I may say also that ten minutes' march took us from the head of the stream, draining towards the Ituri to the spot whence we saw the Nyanza at our feet, it does not require much imagination to picture the face or contour of the land from this point down to the confluence of the Aruwimi, or Ituri, with the Congo. It is like the smooth glacis of a fort, and then a sudden drop to the bottom of the ditch; the sloping glacis would represent the valley of the Ituri up the crest, and then the deep gulf, 2900 feet deep, at the bottom of which is the lake.

The Aruwimi has many names—the Dudu, Biyerre, Suhali, the Nevva, Nowelle, Itiri—for the last 300 miles of its course, but upward to its source it has a singular, wide-spreading fame under the name of Ituri. The aborigines of the Nyanza—the open plateau and forest tribes down to within a few miles of the Nepoko—all unite in calling it the Ituri.

The main Ituri, at the distance of 680 miles from its mouth, is 125 yards wide, nine feet deep, and has a current of three knots. It appears to run parallel with the Nyanza. Near that group of cones and hills affectionately named Mount Schweinfurth, Mount Junker, and Mount Speke, I would place its highest source. Draw three or four respect-

able streams draining into it from the crest of the plateau overlooking the Albert Nyanza, and two or three respectable streams flowing into it from north-westerly; let the main stream flow S.W. to near N. lat. 1° ; give it a bow-like form N. lat. 1° to N. lat. $1^{\circ} 50'$; then let it flow with curves and bends down to N. lat. $1^{\circ} 17'$ near Yambuya, and you have a sketch of the course of the Aruwimi, or Ituri, from the highest source down to its mouth, and the length of this Congo tributary will be 800 miles. We have travelled on it and along its banks for 680 miles on our first march to the Nyanza, for 156 miles along its banks or near its vicinity we returned to obtain our boat from Kilonga-Longa's, then we conveyed the boat to the Nyanza for as many miles again; for 480 miles we traversed its flanks or voyaged on its waters to hunt up the rear column of the expedition; for as many miles we must retrace our steps to the Albert Nyanza for the third time. You will therefore agree with me that we have sufficient knowledge of this river for all practical purposes.

On the 25th of May, 1888, Emin Pasha's Soudanese were drawn up in line to salute the advance column as it marched in file towards the Ituri River from the Nyanza. Half an hour after we parted I was musing, as I walked, of the Pasha and his steamer, when my gun-bearer cried out, "See, sir, what a big mountain; it is covered with salt!" I gazed in the direction he pointed out, and there, sure enough,

"Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold white sky
Shone out their crowning snows;"

or, rather, to be true, a blue mountain of prodigious height and mass. This, then, said I, must be the Ruwenzori which the natives said had something white like the metal of my lamp on the top. By prismatic compass-bearing the centre of the summit bore 215° magnetic, from a point five miles from the shores of Nyanza. I should estimate its distance to be quite fifty miles from where we stood. Whether it is

Mount Gordon Bennett or not I am uncertain. Against the supposition is the fact that I saw no snow on the latter in 1876, that its shape is vastly different, and that Ruwenzori is a little too far west for the position I gave of Gordon Bennett; and I doubt that Gordon Bennett Mountain, if its latitude is correct, could be seen from a distance of eighty geographical miles in an atmosphere not very remarkable for its clearness. I should say that the snow-line seemed to be about 1000 feet from the summit. There is plenty of room for both Ruwenzori and Gordon Bennett in the intervening space between Beatrice Gulf and the Albert Nyanza.

Propos of the latter lake, I am utterly at a loss to conjecture how Sir Samuel Baker could stretch it to such an infinite length to the south-west from the position of the highland or terrace, or knoll, above Vacovia, or Mbakovia. Its extremest southern point is about $1^{\circ} 11'$ N. lat.; I think about four or five miles at the utmost from the place where he stood. To make matters more complicated, he says in his book that the day he viewed it was "beautifully clear." If so, he should have seen that he was merely looking at a shallow bay, some ten miles wide, and four or five miles deep; that into a tongue of the bay enters the Semliki River, a southern tributary of the lake, flowing from the south-west through an almost level plain. And if it were a "beautifully clear day," he could not fail to have seen this snowy mountain right before him as he looked towards the south-west. "The blue mountains" also are no other than the slope of the plateau, 5200 feet above the sea, or 2900 feet above the Albert. That remarkable cataract also is only the wet face of sheet-rock, washed by a small stream about ten feet wide.

Until we stood at N. lat. $1^{\circ} 20'$, looking down upon the lake, I half suspected that Colonel Mason had committed a grievous error in his observations, or that a large bank of mud, overgrown with tall reeds, had prevented him from

seeing the lake beyond; but unfortunately for Sir Samuel's huge lake, Colonel Mason has done his work, and mapped the lake, so well that there is nothing left for me but to vouch for the general accuracy of his chart of the Albert Nyanza.

At the south and south-west of the lake there is no mystery. A century (or perhaps more) ago the lake must have been some twelve or fifteen miles longer, and considerably broader opposite Mbakovia than it is now. With the wearing away of the reefs obstructing the Nile below Wadelai, the lake has rapidly receded, and is still doing so, to the astonishment of the Pasha (Emin), who first saw Lake Albert seven or eight years ago; "For," he says, "islands that were near the west shore have now become headlands occupied by our stations, and native villages."

Across the lake from Nyamsassic to Mbakovia its color indicates great shallowness, being brown and muddy, like that of a river flowing through alluvial soil. Some of this must of course be due to the Semliki River; but while on board the *Khedive* steamer, from Nyamsassic to Nsabi, I noticed that the pole of the sounding-man at the bow constantly touched ground a mile and a half from shore. Near the south end the steamer has to anchor about five miles from shore.

At the south-west end the plain rises from the edge of the lake one foot in 180 feet; the plain of the south end rises at the same rate for about ten miles; a slight change then takes place as the eastern and western walls of the tableland draw nearer, and débris from their slopes, washed by rains and swept by strong winds, humus of grass and thorn forest, have added to its height above the lake. Natives say that south of this the plain slopes steeply to the level of the uplands. A shoulder of the western wall prevented us from verifying this, and the beyond must be left until we take our journey homeward.

I look upon the country lying between the Albert Nyanza and the lake discovered by me in 1876 as promising curious revelations. Up to this moment I am not certain to which river the last lake belongs, whether to the Nile or the Congo. I believe to the latter, but what I am sure of is that it has no connection with the Albert Nyanza. The Ruwenzori slopes must supply a large portion of the waters of the Semliki River, the plateau south-west and west must supply the rest. But it is at the water-parting between the Semliki and some other river south or south-west that real interest begins.

The tribes inhabiting the forest and valley of the Ituri are undoubted cannibals. Between the Nepoko and the grass-land the dwarfs are exceedingly numerous. They are called Wambutti. The Pasha's people with us recognize in them the Tikki-tikki farther north. A few only of these people are to be found south of the Ituri. I suppose we saw about 150 forest villages or camps of the Wambutti. They are a venomous, cowardly, and thievish race; very expert with their arrows, as we have found to our cost.

Ugarrowwa, a former tent-boy of Speke's, now grown to be an important man in this region, through wealth unlawfully gathered at the expense of thousands of forest natives, is becoming impatient for this letter. To him I confide it, trusting that it will reach you some time.—Yours obediently,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

TELEGRAMS FROM MR. STANLEY.

THE HOME-COMING—EXTENSION OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

[The following telegram from Mr. Stanley, despatched from Zanzibar, reached Sir Wm. Mackinnon on November 4th.]

November 2, 1889.

Reached Albert Nyanza from Banalya, place of despatch of last letter to you, for the third time in 140 days. Found

out that Emin and Jephson both prisoners since 18th August last year, being day after I made the discovery that Major Barttelot's caravan was wrecked. Troops Equatorial Province revolted, shaken off all allegiance; shortly after Mahdists invaded province in full force. After the first battle many stations yielded, panic-struck; the natives joined invaders, assist destruction of province; fugitives were killed; great loss of ammunition. Invaders suffered reverse at taking of Dufile, and despatched steamer to Khartoum for reinforcements. Found a letter waiting for me near Albert Nyanza exposing dangerous position, survivors urging immediate necessity my arrival before the end of December, otherwise it would be too late. Arrived there 18th January for third time. From 14th February to 8th May I waited for fugitives, then left Albert Nyanza homeward bound. Route taken: traversed Sempliki Valley, Anamba, Usongora, Toro, Uhaiyama, Unyampaka, Anhor, Karagwe, Uhayai, Uzinza to South Victoria Nyanza. No hostile natives since we left Kabbarega; travelled along base snowy range Rujenzori; three sides Southern Nyanza, or Nyanza of Usongora. It is called now Albert Edward Nyanza, and is about nine hundred feet higher than Albert Nyanza. It has exit by the Sempliki, which receives over fifty streams from Ruwenzori, and finally enters Albert Nyanza, making Albert Edward source south-west branch White Nile, Victoria Nyanza being south-east sources.

[The following telegram from Mr. Stanley was received by Sir William Mackinnon on November 21st.]

"Arrived at Mpwapwa 10th November; expect to leave 12th November for East Coast, *via* Simbamwenni. Europeans all well. Bringing about 300 Soudanese. Expect me to arrive any day at coast. Have discovered Victoria Nyanza extends south-west, bringing it to within 155 miles of Lake Tanganyika; length of Victoria Nyanza now 270 miles, area 27,000 square miles."

[On the same date the following telegram was received at the Foreign Office.]

“Zanzibar, *November 21, 1889.*

“Following news from Stanley :—Arrived at Mpwapwa November 10th, fifty-fifth day from Victoria Nyanza and 188th from Albert Nyanza. Europeans present—Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Parke, Bonny, Hoffmann, Emin Pasha and daughter, Casati, Marco, and Fathers Grault and Schinze, of Algerian Mission. Proposed leaving 12th, reach coast *via* Heuba Mwemi. Stanley says has made unexpected discovery of real value to Africa in extension of Victoria Nyanza to the south-west. The utmost southerly reach of this extension is south latitude 2 deg. 48 min., and brings Victorian Sea within 155 miles from Lake Tanganyika, and that area of lake is 26,900 square miles. All letters and news now pass through German hands.”

LETTER VIII.

THE MARCH TO THE COAST.—DISCOVERIES BY THE WAY.—IMPRISONMENT OF EMIN AND MR. JEPHSON.—THE MAHDI.

[The following and other Letters referring to the march to the Coast were received in London in the end of November.]

Kafurro, Arab Settlement, Karagwe, *August 5, 1889.*

To the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Fund.

SIR,—My last report to you was sent off by Salim bin Mohammed in the early part of September, 1888. Over a year full of stirring events for this part of the world has passed since then. I will endeavor in this other following letter to inform you of what has occurred.

Having gathered such as were left of the rear column, and such Manyumas as were willing of their own accord to

accompany me, and entirely reorganized the expedition, we set off on our return to the Nyanza. You will, doubtless, remember that Mr. Mounteney Jephson had been left with Emin Pasha, to convey my message to the Egyptian troops, and that on or about the 26th of July both Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson were to start from the Nyanza, with a sufficient escort, and a number of porters to conduct the officers and garrison of Fort Bodo to a new station that was to be erected near Kavalli, on the south-west side of Lake Albert, by which I should be relieved of the necessity of making a fourth trip to Fort Bodo. Promise for promise had been made; for, on my part, I had solemnly promised that I should hurry towards Yambuya and hunt up the missing rear column, and be back again on Lake Albert some time about Christmas.

I have already told you that the rear column was in a deplorable state; that out of the 102 members remaining I doubted whether fifty would live to reach the lake; but, having collected a large number of canoes, the goods and sick men were transported in these vessels in such a smooth, expeditious manner that there were remarkably few casualties in the remnant of the rear column. But the wild natives having repeatedly defeated Ugarrowwa's raiders, by this discovered the extent of their own strength, gave us considerable trouble, and inflicted considerable loss among our best men, who had always, of course, to bear the brunt of fighting and the fatigue of paddling.

However, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the line we had made, when progress by river became too tedious and difficult, and the order to cast off the canoes was given. This was four days' journey above Ugarrowwa's station, or about three hundred miles above Banalya.

We decided that as the south bank of the Ituri River was pretty well known to us, with all its intolerable scarcity and terrors, it would be best to try the north bank, though we

should have to traverse for some days the despoiled lands, which had been a common centre for Ugarrowwa's and Kilinga-Longa's bands of raiders. We were about one hundred and sixty miles from the grass-land, which opened a prospect of future feasts of beef, veal, and mutton, with pleasing variety of vegetables, as well as oil and butter for cooking. Bright gossip on such subjects by those who had seen the Nyanza served as stimulants to the dejected, half-hearted survivors of the rear column.

On the 30th of October, having cast off the canoes, the land march began in earnest, and two days later discovered a large plantain plantation in charge of the dwarfs. The people flung themselves on the plantains, to make as large a provision as possible for the dreaded wilderness ahead of us. The most enterprising always secured a fair share, and twelve hours later would be furnished with a week's provisions of plantain flour. The feeble and indolent revelled for the time being on abundance of roasted fruit, but always neglected providing for the future, and thus became victims to famine.

After moving from this place, ten days passed before we reached another plantation, during which time we lost more men than we had lost between Banalya and Ugarrowwa's. The small-pox broke out among the Manyuema and their followers, and the mortality was terrible. Our Zanzibaris escaped this pest, however, owing to the vaccination they had undergone on board the *Madura*.

We were now about four days' march above the confluence of the Ihuru and Ituri rivers, and within about a mile from the Ishuru. As there was no possibility of crossing this violent and large tributary of the Ituri, or Aruwimi, we had to follow its right bank until a crossing could be discovered.

Four days later we stumbled across the principal village of a district called Andikumu, surrounded by the finest plan-

tation of bananas and plantains we had yet seen, which all the Manyemas' habit of spoliation and destruction had been unable to destroy. There our people, after severe starvation during fourteen days, gorged themselves to such excess that it contributed greatly to lessen our numbers. Every twentieth individual suffered some complaint which entirely incapacitated him from duty.

The Ihuru River was about four miles south-south-east from this place, flowing from east-north-east, and about sixty yards broad, and deep, owing to the heavy rains.

From Andikumu a six days' march northerly brought us to another flourishing settlement, called Indeman, situated about four hours' march from the river we supposed to be the Ihuru. Here I was considerably nonplussed by the grievous discrepancy between native accounts and my own observations. The natives called it the Ihuru River, and my instruments and chronometer made it very evident that it could not be the Ihuru we knew. Finally, after capturing some dwarfs, we discovered that it was the right branch of the Ihuru River, called the Dui River. This agreeing with my own views, we searched and found a place where we could build a bridge across. Mr. Bonny and our Zanzibar chief threw themselves into the work, and in a few hours the Dui River was safely bridged, and we passed from Indeman into a district entirely unvisited by the Manyema.

In this new land, between the right and left branches of the Ihuru, the dwarfs called Wambutti were very numerous, and conflicts between our rear-guard and these crafty little people occurred daily, not without harm to both parties. Such as we contrived to capture we compelled to show the path; but invariably, for some reason, they clung to the east and east-north-east paths, whereas my route required a south-east direction, because of the northing we had made in seeking to cross the Dui River. Finally, we followed elephant and game tracks on a south-east course; but on the

9th of December we were compelled to halt for a forage in the middle of a vast forest, at a spot indicated by my chart to be not more than two or three miles from the Ituri River, which many of our people had seen while we resided at Fort Bodo.

I sent one hundred and fifty rifles back to a settlement that was fifteen miles back on the route we had come, while many Manyuema followers also undertook to follow them.

I quote from my journal part of what I wrote on December 14th, the sixth day of the absence of the foragers: "Six days have transpired since our foragers left us. For the first four days time passed rapidly—I might say almost pleasantly—being occupied in recalculating all my observations from Ugarrowwa to Lake Albert and down to date, owing to a few discrepancies here and there, which my second and third visit and duplicate and triplicate observations enabled me to correct. My occupation then ended, I was left to wonder why the large band of foragers did not return. The fifth day, having distributed all the stock of flour in camp, and killed the only goat we possessed, I was compelled to open the officers' provision-boxes and take a pound pot of butter, with two cupfuls of my flour, to make an imitation gruel, there being nothing else save tea, coffee, sugar, and a pot of sago in the boxes. In the afternoon a boy died, and the condition of a majority of the rest was most disheartening; some could not stand, but fell down in the effort. These constant sights acted on my nerves, until I began to feel not only moral but physical sympathy as well, as though weakness was contagious. Before night a Madi carrier died; the last of our Somalis gave signs of collapse; the few Sudanese with us were scarcely able to move."

The morning of the sixth day dawned. We made the broth as usual—a pot of butter, abundance of water, a pot of condensed milk, a cupful of flour, for one hundred and thirty people. The chiefs and Mr. Bonny were called to

council. At my proposing a reverse to the foragers of such a nature as to exclude our men from returning with news of such a disaster, they were altogether unable to comprehend such a possibility. They believed it possible that these one hundred and fifty men were searching for food, without which they would not return. They were then asked to consider the supposition that they were five days searching for food; they had lost their road, perhaps, or, having no white leader, they had scattered to loot goats, and had entirely forgotten their starving friends and brothers in camp; what would be the state of the one hundred and thirty people five days hence? Mr. Bonny offered to stay with ten men in camp, if I provided ten days' food for each person, while I would set out to search for the missing men. Food to make a light cupful of gruel for ten men for ten days was not difficult to procure; but the sick and feeble remaining must starve unless I met with good-fortune, and accordingly a stone of butter, milk, flour, and biscuits were prepared and handed over to the charge of Mr. Bonny.

The afternoon of the seventh day mustered everybody, besides the garrison of the camp, ten men. Sadi, the Manyema chief, surrendered fourteen of his men to doom; Kibbo-Bora, another chief, abandoned his brother; Fundi, another Manyema chief, left one of his wives and a little boy. We left twenty-six feeble, sick wretches, already past all hope, unless food could be brought to them within twenty-four hours.

In a cheery tone, though my heart was never heavier, I told the forty-three hunger-bitten people that I was going back to hunt up the missing men. Probably I should meet them on the road, but if I did that they would be driven on the run with food to them. We travelled nine miles that afternoon, having passed several dead people on the road; and early on the eighth day of their absence from camp, met them marching in an easy fashion; but when we were met

the pace was altered to a quick-step, so that in twenty-six hours from leaving Starvation Camp we were back with a cheery abundance around, gruel and porridge boiling, bananas boiling, plantains roasting, and some meat simmering in pots for soup.

This has been the nearest approach to absolute starvation in all my African experience. Twenty-one persons altogether succumbed in this dreadful camp.

On the 17th of December the Ihuru River was reached in three hours, and having a presentiment that the garrison of Fort Bodo was still where I had left them, the Ihuru was crossed the next day, and the two days following, steering through the forest, regardless of paths, we had the good-fortune to strike the western angle of the Fort Bodo plantations on the 20th.

My presentiment was true. Lieutenant Stairs and his garrison were still in Fort Bodo, fifty-one souls out of fifty-nine, and never a word had been heard of Emin Pasha or of Mr. Mounteney Jephson during the seven months of my absence. Knowing the latter to be an energetic man, we were left to conjecture what had detained Mr. Jephson, even if the affairs of his province had detained the Pasha.

On December 23d the united expedition continued its march eastward, and as we had now to work by relays, owing to the fifty extra loads that we had stored at the fort, we did not reach the Ituri Ferry, which was our last camp in the forest region before emerging on the grass-land, until January 9th.

My anxiety about Mr. Jephson and the Pasha would not permit me dawdle on the road, making double trips in this manner; so, selecting a rich plantation and a good camping-site to the east of the Ituri River, I left Lieutenant Stairs in command, with one hundred and twenty-four people, including Dr. Parke and Captain Nelson, in charge of all extra loads and camp, and on the 11th of January continued my march eastward.

The people of the plains, fearing a repetition of the fighting of December, 1887, flocked to camp as we advanced, and formally tendered their submission, agreed to contributions and supplies. Blood-brotherhood was made, exchange of gifts made, and firm friendship was established. The huts of our camp were constructed by the natives; food, fuel, and water were brought to the expedition as soon as the halting-place was decided upon.

We heard no news of the white men on Lake Albert from the plain people, by which my wonder and anxiety were increased, until the 16th, at a place called Gaviras, messengers from Kavalli came with a packet of letters, with one letter written on three several dates, with several days' interval between, from Mr. Jephson, and two notes from Emin Pasha confirming the news in Mr. Jephson's letter.

You can but imagine the intense surprise I felt while reading these letters by giving you extracts from them in Mr. Jephson's own words:

Dufflé, *November 7, 1888.*

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to tell you of the position of affairs in this country, and I trust this letter will be delivered to you at Kavalli in time to warn you to be careful.

On August 18th a rebellion broke out here, and the Pasha and I were made prisoners. The Pasha is a complete prisoner, but I am allowed to go about the station; but my movements are watched. The rebellion has been got up by some half-dozen Egyptians, officers and clerks, and gradually others have joined, some through inclination, but most through fear; the soldiers, with the exception of those at Laboré, have never taken part in it, but have quietly given in to their officers.

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When the Pasha and I were on our way to Regaf, two men, one an officer, Abdul Vaal Effendi, and then a clerk, went about and told the people that they had seen you, and

that you were only an adventurer, and had not come from Egypt; that the letters you had brought from the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries; that it was untrue Khartoum had fallen, and that the Pashà and you had made a plot to take them, their wives, and children out of the country, and hand them over as slaves to the English. Such words in an ignorant and fanatical country like this acted like fire among the people, and the result was a general rebellion, and we were made prisoners.

The rebels then collected officers from the different stations, and held a large meeting here to determine what measures they should take, and all those who did not join in the movement were so insulted and abused that they were obliged, for their own safety, to acquiesce in what was done. The Pasha was deposed, and those officers who were suspected of being friendly to him were removed from their posts, and those friendly to the rebels were put in their places. It was decided to take the Pasha as a prisoner to Regaf, and some of the worst rebels were even for putting him in irons; but the officers were afraid to put their plans into execution, as the soldiers said they would never permit any one to lay a hand on him. Plans were also made to entrap you when you returned, and strip you of all you had.

Things were in this condition, when we were startled by the news that the Mahdi's people had arrived at Lado with three steamers and nine sandals and nuggers, and had established themselves on the site of the old station. Omar Sali, their general, sent up three peacock dervishes with a letter to the Pasha (a copy of this will follow, as it contains some interesting news), demanding the instant surrender of the country. The rebel officers seized them and put them in prison, and decided on war. After a few days the Mahdists attacked and captured Regaf, killing five officers and numbers of soldiers, and taking many women and children prisoners, and all the stores and ammunition in the station were

lost. The result of this was a general stampede of people from the stations of Bidden, Kirri, and Muggi, who fled with their women and children to Laboré, abandoning almost everything. At Kirri the ammunition was abandoned, and was at once seized by the natives. The Pasha reckons that the Mahdists number about one thousand five hundred.

The officers and a large number of soldiers have returned to Muggi, and intend to make a stand against the Mahdists. Our position here is extremely unpleasant, for since the rebellion all is chaos and confusion. There is no head, and half a dozen conflicting orders are given every day, and no one obeys. The rebel officers are wholly unable to control the soldiers.

The Baris have joined the Mahdists. If they come down here with a rush nothing can save us.

The officers are all very much frightened at what has taken place, and are now anxiously awaiting your arrival, and desire to leave the country with you, for they are now really persuaded that Khartoum has fallen, and that you have come from the Khedive.

We are like rats in a trap; they will neither let us act nor retire, and I fear unless you come very soon you will be too late, and our fate will be like that of the rest of the garrisons of the Soudan. Had this rebellion not happened, the Pasha could have kept the Mahdists in check for some time; but as it is he is powerless to act.

I would suggest on your arrival at Kavalli that you write a letter in Arabic to Shukri Aga (Chief of Mswa Station), telling him of your arrival, and telling him you wish to see the Pasha and myself, and write also to the Pasha or myself, telling us what number of men you have with you. It

would, perhaps, be better to write to me, as a letter to him might be confiscated.

Neither the Pasha nor myself thinks there is the slightest danger now of any attempt to capture you being made, for the people are now fully persuaded you come from Egypt, and they look to you to get them out of their difficulties; still it would be well for you to make your camp strong.

If we are not able to get out of the country, please remember me to my friends, etc.—Yours faithfully,

A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

To H. M. Stanley, Esq., Commander of the
Relief Expedition.

Wadelai, *November 24, 1888.*

My messenger not having yet left Wadelai, I add this postscript, as the Pasha wishes me to send my former letter to you in its entirety.

Shortly after I had written to you the soldiers were led by their officers to attempt to retake Regaf, but the Mahdists defeated them, and killed six officers and a large number of soldiers. Among the officers killed were some of the Pasha's worst enemies. The soldiers in all the stations were so panic-stricken and angry at what had happened that they declared they would not attempt to fight unless the Pasha was set at liberty: so the rebel officers were obliged to free him, and sent us to Wadelai, where he is free to do as he pleases, but at present he has not resumed his authority in the country; he is, I believe, by no means anxious to do so. We hope in a few days to be at Tunguru, a station on the lake, two days by steamer from N'sabe, and I trust when we hear of your arrival that the Pasha himself will be able to come down with me to see you.

Our danger as far as the Mahdists are concerned is, of course, increased by this last defeat, but our position is in one way better now, for we are farther removed from them, and we have now the option of retiring if we please, which we had not before while we were prisoners. We hear that the Mahdists have sent steamers down to Khartoum for reinforcements; if so, they cannot be up here for another six weeks. If they come up here with reinforcements it will be all up with us, for the soldiers will never stand against them, and it will be a mere walk over.

Every one is anxiously looking for your arrival, for the coming of the Mahdists has completely cowed them.

We may just manage to get out—if you do not come later than the end of December—but it is entirely impossible to foresee what will happen.

A. J. M. J.

Tunguru, *December 18, 1888.*

DEAR SIR,—Mogo (the messenger) not having yet started, I send a second postscript. We are now at Tunguru. On November 25th the Mahdists surrounded Dufflé Station, and besieged it for four days. The soldiers, of whom there were about five hundred, managed to repulse them, and they retired to Regaf, their headquarters. As they have sent down to Khartoum for reinforcements, they doubtless will attack again when strengthened. In our flight from Wadelai the officers requested me to destroy our boat (the *Advance*). I therefore broke it up.

Dufflé is being renovated as fast as possible. . . . The Pasha is unable to move hand or foot, as there is still a very strong party against him, and the officers are no longer in immediate fear of the Mahdists.

Do not on any account come down to Usate (my former camp on the lake, near Kavalli's Island), but make your

camp at Kavalli (on the plateau above). Send a letter directly you arrive there, and as soon as we hear of your arrival I will come to you. I will not disguise the fact from you that you will have a difficult and dangerous work before you in dealing with the Pasha's people. I trust you will arrive before the Mahdists are reinforced, or our case will be desperate.

I am, yours faithfully,

A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

You will doubtless remember that I stated to you in one of my latest letters last year (1888) that I know no more of the ultimate intentions of Emin Pasha than you at home know. He was at one time expressing himself as anxious to leave, at another time shaking his head, and dolorously exclaiming, "I can't leave my people." Finally, I departed from him in May, 1888, with something like a definite promise: "If my people leave, I leave; if my people stay, I stay."

Here, then, on January 16, 1889, I receive this batch of letters and two notes from the Pasha himself confirming the above, but not a word from either Mr. Jephson or the Pasha indicative of the Pasha's purpose. Did he still waver, or was he at last resolved? With any other man than the Pasha or Gordon, one would imagine that, being a prisoner, and a fierce enemy hourly expected to give the *coup mortel*, he would gladly embrace the first chance to escape from a country given up by his Government. But there was no hint in these letters what course the Pasha would follow. These few hints of mine, however, will throw light on my postscript, which here follows, and on my state of mind after reading these letters.

I wrote a formal letter, which might be read by any person, the Pasha, Mr. Jephson, or any of the rebels, and addressed it to Mr. Jephson, as requested; but on a separate

sheet of paper I wrote a private postscript for Mr. Jephson's perusal.

Kavalli, *January 18, 1889, 3 P.M.*

MY DEAR JEPHSON,—I now send thirty rifles and three of Kavalli's men down to the lake with my letters, with urgent instructions that a canoe should set off, and the bearers be rewarded.

I may be able to stay longer than six days here, perhaps for ten days. I will do my best to prolong my stay until you arrive without rupturing the peace. Our people have a good store of beads, cowries, and cloth, and I notice that the natives trade very readily, which will assist Kavalli's resources should he get uneasy under our prolonged visit.

Be wise, be quick, and waste no hour of time, and bring Buiza and your own Soudanese with you. I have read your letters half a dozen times over, but I fail to grasp the situation thoroughly, because in some important details one letter seems to contradict the other. In one you say the Pasha is a close prisoner, while you are allowed a certain amount of liberty; in the other you say that you will come to me as soon as you hear of our arrival here, and "I trust," you say, "the Pasha will be able to accompany me." Being prisoners, I fail to see how you could leave Tunguru at all. All this is not very clear to us, who are fresh from the bush.

If the Pasha can come, send a courier, on your arrival at our old camp on the lake below here, to announce the fact, and I will send a strong detachment to escort him up to the plateau, even to carry him if he needs it. I feel too exhausted after my thirteen hundred miles of travel since I parted from you last May, to go down to the lake again. The Pasha must have some pity for me.

Don't be alarmed or uneasy on our account; nothing hostile can approach us within twelve miles without my knowing it. I am in the thickest of a friendly population, and if I sound the war-note, within four hours I can have two thou-

sand warriors to assist to repel any force disposed to violence. And if it is to be a war of wits, why, then, I am ready for the cunningest Arab alive.

I wrote above that I read your letters half a dozen times, and my opinion of you varies with each reading. Sometimes I fancy you are half Mahdist or Arabist, and then Eminist. I shall be wiser when I see you.

. . . Now, don't you be perverse, but obey, and let my order to you be as a frontlet between the eyes, and all, with God's gracious help, will end well.

I want to help the Pasha somehow, but he must also help me, and credit me. If he wishes to get out of this trouble, I am his most devoted servant and friend, but if he hesitates again I shall be plunged in wonder and perplexity. I could save a dozen Pashas if they were willing to be saved. I would go on my knees to implore the Pasha to be sensible in his own case. He is wise enough in all things else, even his own interest. Be kind and good to him for many virtues, but do not you be drawn into the fatal fascination Sudan territory seems to have for all Europeans of late years. As soon as they touch its ground they seem to be drawn into a whirlpool which sucks them in and covers them with its waves. The only way to avoid it is to obey blindly, devotedly, and unquestioningly all orders from the outside.

The Committee said: "Relieve Emin Pasha with this ammunition. If he wishes to come out, the ammunition will enable him to do so; if he elects to stay, it will be of service to him." The Khedive said the same thing, and added, "But if the Pasha and his officers wish to stay, they do so on their own responsibility." Sir Evelyn Baring said the same thing in clear and decided words, and here I am, after 4100 miles of travel, with the last instalment of relief. Let him who is authorized to take it, take it. Come; I am ready to lend him all my strength and wit to assist him. But this

time there must be no hesitation, but positive yea or nay, and home we go.

Yours, very sincerely,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

A. J. Mounteney Jephson, Esq.

If you will bear in mind that on August 17, 1888, after a march of 600 miles to hunt up the rear column, I met only a miserable remnant of it, wrecked by the irresolution of its officers, neglect of their promises, and indifference to their written orders, you will readily understand why, after another march of 700 miles, I was a little put out when I discovered that, instead of performing their promise of conducting the garrison of Fort Bodo to the Nyanza, Mr. Jephson and Emin Pasha had allowed themselves to be made prisoners on about the very day they were expected by the garrison of Fort Bodo to reach them. It could not be pleasant reading to find that, instead of being able to relieve Emin Pasha, I was more than likely, by the tenor of these letters, to lose one of my own officers, and to add to the number of the Europeans in that unlucky Equatorial Province. However, a personal interview with Mr. Jephson was necessary, in the first place, to understand fairly or fully the state of affairs.

On February 6, 1889, Mr. Jephson arrived in the afternoon at our camp at Kavalli on the plateau.

I was startled to hear Mr. Jephson, in plain, undoubting words, say, "Sentiment is the Pasha's worst enemy; no one keeps Emin Pasha back but Emin Pasha himself." This is a summary of what Mr. Jephson had learned during nine months, from May 25, 1888, to February 6, 1889. I gathered sufficiently from Mr. Jephson's verbal report to conclude that during nine months neither the Pasha, Signor Casati, nor any man in the province, had arrived nearer any other conclusion than that which was told us ten months before. Thus:

The Pasha: "If my people go, I go; if they stay, I stay."

Signor Casati: "If the Governor goes, I go; if the Governor stays, I stay."

The Faithful: "If the Pasha goes, we go; if the Pasha stays, we stay."

However, the diversion in our favor created by the Mahdists' invasion, and the dreadful slaughter they made of all they met, inspired us with a hope that we could get an answer at last—though Mr. Jephson could only reply: "I really cannot tell you what the Pasha means to do. He says he wishes to go away, but will not make a move; no one will move. It is impossible to say what any man will do. Perhaps another advance by the Mahdists would send them all pell-mell towards you, to be again irresolute, and requiring several weeks' rest to consider again."

In February I despatched a company to the Steam Ferry, with orders to Mr. Stairs to hasten with his column to Kavalli with a view to concentrate the expedition ready for any contingency. Couriers were also despatched to the Pasha, telling him of our movements and intentions, and asking him to point out how we could best aid him. Whether it would be best for us to remain at Kavalli, or whether we should advance into the province, and assist him at Mswa or Tunguru Island, where Mr. Jephson had left him. I suggested the simplest plan for him would be to seize a steamer and employ her in the transport of the refugees (who, I heard, were collected in numbers at Tunguru) to my old camp on the Nyanza, or that, failing a steamer, he should march overland from Tunguru to Mswa, and send a canoe to inform me he had done so, and a few days after I could be at Mswa, with two hundred and fifty rifles, to escort them to Kavalli. But the demand was for something positive, otherwise it would be my duty to destroy the ammunition and march homeward.

On the 13th of February a native courier appeared in

camp with a letter from Emin Pasha, with news which electrified us. He was actually at anchor just below our plateau camp. But here is the formal letter:

Camp, February 13, 1889.

To Henry M. Stanley, Esq., Commanding the Relief Expedition.

SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 7th inst., for which I beg to tender my best thanks, I have the honor to inform you that yesterday, at 3 P.M., I arrived here with my two steamers, carrying a first lot of people desirous to leave this country under your escort. As soon as I have arranged for cover of my people, the steamships have to start for Mswa Station, to bring on another lot of people awaiting transport.

With me there are some twelve officers anxious to see you, and only forty soldiers. They have come under my orders to request you to give them some time to bring their brothers—at least such as are willing to leave—from Wadelai, and I promised them to do my best to assist them. Things having to some extent now changed, you will be able to make them undergo whatever conditions you see fit to impose upon them. To arrange these I shall start from here with the officers for your camp, after having provided for the camp, and if you send carriers, I could avail me of some of them.

I hope sincerely that the great difficulties you have had to undergo, and the great sacrifices made by your expedition in its way to assist us, may be rewarded by a full success in bringing out my people. The wave of insanity which overran the country has subsided, and of such people as are now coming with me we may be sure.

Signor Casati requests me to give his best thanks for your kind remembrance of him.

Permit me to express to you once more my cordial thanks for whatever you have done for us until now, and believe me to be,

Yours very faithfully,

DR. EMIN.

During the interval between Mr. Jephson's arrival and the receipt of this letter, Mr. Jephson had written a pretty full report of all that he had heard from the Pasha, Signor Casati, and Egyptian soldiers, of all the principal events that had transpired within the last few years in the Equatorial Province. In Mr. Jephson's report I come across such sentences as the following conclusions. I give them for your consideration.

"And this leads me now to say a few words concerning the position of affairs in this country when I entered it on April 21, 1888. The 1st battalion, about seven hundred rifles, had long been in rebellion against the Pasha's authority, and had twice attempted to make him prisoner. The 2d battalion, about six hundred and fifty rifles, though professedly loyal, was insubordinate and almost unmanageable. The Pasha possessed only a semblance, a mere rag of authority; and if he required anything of importance to be done, he could no longer order—he was obliged to beg—his officers do it.

"Now, when we were at N'sabe, in May, 1888, though the Pasha hinted that things were a little difficult in his country, he never revealed to us the true state of things, which was actually desperate, and we had not the slightest idea that any mutiny or discontent was likely to arise among his people. We thought, as most people in Europe and Egypt had been taught to believe by the Pasha's own letters and Dr. Junker's later representations, that all his difficulties arose from events outside his country, whereas, in point of fact, his real danger arose from internal dissensions; thus we were led to place our trust in people who were utterly unworthy of our confidence or help, and who, instead of being grateful to us for wishing to help them, have from the very first conspired how to plunder the expedition and turn us adrift; and had the mutineers, in their highly excited state, been able to

prove one single case of injustice or cruelty or neglect of his people against the Pasha, he would most assuredly have lost his life in this rebellion."

I shall only worry you just now with one more quotation from Mr. Jephson's final report and summary:

"As to the Pasha's wish to leave the country, I can say decidedly he is most anxious to go out with us, but under what conditions he will consent to come out I can hardly understand. I do not think he quite knows himself, his ideas seem to me to vary so much on the subject; to-day he is ready to start up and go, to-morrow some new idea holds him back. I have had many conversations with him about it, but have never been able to get his unchanging opinion on the subject. After this rebellion I remarked to him, 'I presume, now that your people have deposed you, and put you aside, you do not consider that you have any longer any responsibility or obligations concerning them;' and he answered, 'Had they not deserted me, I should have felt bound to stand by them and help them in any way I could; but now I consider I am absolutely free to think only of my own personal safety and welfare, and if I get the chance, I shall go out regardless of everything.' And yet only a few days before I left him he said to me: 'I know I am not in any way responsible for these people, but I cannot bear to go out myself first and leave any one here behind me who is desirous of quitting the country. It is mere sentiment, I know, and, perhaps, a sentiment you will sympathize with; but my enemies at Wadelai would point at me and say to the people, "You see he has deserted you!"' These are merely two examples of what passed between us on the subject of his going out with us, but I could quote numbers of things he has said all equally contradictory. Again, too, being somewhat impatient after one of these unsatisfactory conversations, I said, 'If ever the expedition does reach any place near you, I shall advise Mr. Stanley to

arrest you and carry you off whether you will or no;' to which he replied, 'Well, I shall do nothing to prevent you doing that.' It seems to me that if we are to save him, we must save him from himself.

"Before closing my report I must bear witness to the fact that in my frequent conversations with all sorts and conditions of the Pasha's people I heard, with hardly any exceptions, only praise of his justice and generosity to his people; but I have heard it suggested that he did not hold his people with a sufficiently firm hand."

I now am bound, by the length of this letter, necessities of travel, and so forth, to halt. Our stay at Kafurro is ended, and we must march to-morrow. A new page of this interesting period in our expedition will be found in my next letter. Meantime you have the satisfaction to know that Emin Pasha, after all, is close to our camp at the lake shore; that carriers have been sent to him to bring up his luggage and assist his people.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

William Mackinnon, Esq.,

Chairman of the E. P. R. Committee.

LETTER IX.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH EMIN.—TREACHERY OF THE EGYPTIANS.
—MUSTER OF THE FUGITIVES.—THE MARCH TO THE EAST
COAST.—STANLEY'S ILLNESS.—NEW GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

Camp at Kizinga, Uzinja, *August 17, 1889.*

To the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee.

SIR,—On the 17th of February Emin Pasha and a following of about sixty-five people, inclusive of Selim Bey, or Colonel Selim, and seven other officers, who were a deputation sent by the officers of the Equatorial Province, arrived

at my camp on the plateau near Kavalli's village. The Pasha was in mufti, but the deputation were in uniform, and made quite a sensation in the country; three of them were Egyptians, but the others were Nubians, and were rather soldierly in their appearance, and, with one or two exceptions, received warm commendations from the Pasha. The divan was to be held the next day.

On the 18th Lieutenant Stairs arrived with his column—largely augmented by Mazamboni's people—from the Ituri River, and the expedition was once more united, not to be separated, I hoped, again during our stay in Africa.

At the meeting, which was held in the morning, Selim Bey—who had lately distinguished himself at Dufflé by retaking the station from the Mahdists and killing about two hundred and fifty of them, it was said—a tall, burly, elderly man of fifty or thereabouts, stated, on behalf of the deputation and the officers at Wadelai, that they came to ask for time to allow the troops and their families to assemble at Kavalli's.

Though they knew what our object in coming to the Nyanza was—or they ought to have known—I took the occasion, through the Pasha, who is thoroughly proficient in Arabic, to explain it in detail. I wondered at the ready manner they approved everything, though since I have discovered that such is their habit though they may not believe a word you utter. I then told them that though I had waited nearly a year to obtain a simple answer to the single question whether they would stay in Africa or accompany us to Egypt, I would give them before they departed a promise, written in Arabic, that I would stay a reasonable time, sufficient to enable them to embark themselves and families, and all such as were willing to leave, on board the steamers, and to arrive at the lake shore below our camp.

The deputation replied that my answer was quite satisfactory, and they promised, on their part, that they would

proceed direct to Wadelai, proclaim to all concerned what my answer was, and commence the work of transport.

On the 21st the Pasha and the deputation went down to the Nyanza camp on account of a false alarm about the Wanyoro advancing to attack the camp. A rifle was stolen from the expedition by one of the officers of the deputation. This was a bad beginning of our intercourse that was promised to be.

The two steamers *Khedive* and *Nyanza* had gone in the mean time to Mswa to transport a fresh lot of refugees, and returned on the 25th, and the next day the deputation departed on their mission; but, before they sailed, they had a mail from Wadelai, wherein they were informed that another change of government had taken place. Selim Bey, the highest official under the Pasha, had been deposed, and several of the rebel officers had been promoted to the rank of Bey. The next day the Pasha returned to our camp, with his little daughter Ferida, and a caravan of 144 men.

To a question of mine the Pasha replied that he thought twenty days a sufficiently reasonable time for all practical purposes, and he offered to write it down in form. But this I declined, as I but wished to know whether my idea of a "reasonable time" and his differed; for, after finding what time was required for a steamer to make a round voyage from our old camp on the Nyanza to Wadelai and back, I had proposed to myself that a month would be more than sufficient for Selim Bey to collect all such people as desired to leave for Egypt. The interval devoted to the transport of the Egyptians from Wadelai could also be utilized by Surgeon Parke in healing our sick. At this time the hardest worked man in the expedition was our surgeon. Ever since leaving Fort Bodo, in December, Surgeon Parke attended over a hundred sick daily. There were all kinds of complaints, but the most numerous, and those who gave the most trouble, were those who suffered from ulcers. So largely

had these drained our medicine chests that the surgeon had nothing left for their diseases but pure carbolic acid and permanganate of potash. Nevertheless, there were some wonderful recoveries during the halt of Stairs's column on the Ituri River in January. The surgeon's "devotion"—there is not a fitter word for it—his regular attention to all the minor details of his duties, and his undoubted skill, enabled me to turn out 280 able-bodied men by the 1st of April, sound in vital organs and limbs, and free from all blemish; whereas on the 1st of February it would have been difficult to have mustered 200 men in the ranks fit for service. I do not think I ever met a doctor who so loved his "cases." To him they were all "interesting," despite the odors emitted and the painfully qualmish scenes. I consider this expedition in nothing happier than in the possession of an unrivalled physician and surgeon, Dr. F. H. Parke, of the A.M.D.

Meantime, while "our doctor" was assiduously dressing and trimming up the ulcerous, ready for the march to Zanzibar, all men fit for duty were doing far more than either we or they bargained for. We had promised the Pasha to assist his refugees to the Plateau Camp with a few carriers—that is, as any ordinary man might understand it, with one or two carriers per Egyptian; but never had people so grossly deceived themselves as we had. The loads were simply endless, and the sight of the rubbish which the refugees brought with them, and which was to be carried up that plateau slope, up to an altitude of two thousand eight hundred feet above the Nyanza, made our people groan aloud—such things as grinding-stones, ten-gallon copper cooking-pots, some two hundred bedsteads, preposterously big baskets, like Falstaff's buck-basket; old Saratoga trunks, fit for rich American mammas; old sea-chests, great clumsy-looking boxes, little cattle-troughs, large twelve-gallon pombe jars, parrots, pigeons, etc. These things were pure rubbish

—for all would have to be discarded at the signal to march. Eight hundred and fifty-three loads of these goods were, however, brought up with the assistance of the natives, subject as they were to be beaten and maltreated by the vile-tempered Egyptians, each time the natives went down to the Nyanza; but the Zanzibaris now began to show an ugly temper also. They knew just enough Arabic to be aware that the obedience, tractability, and ready services they exhibited were translated by the Egyptians into cowardice and slavishness, and after these hundreds of loads had been conveyed they refused point-blank to carry any more, and they explained their reasons so well that we warmly sympathized with them at heart; but here, by this refusal, they came in contact with discipline, and strong measures had to be resorted to, to coerce them to continue the work until the order to “cease” was given. On the 31st March we were all heartily tired of it, and we abandoned the interminable task. Thirteen hundred and fifty-five loads had been transported to the plateau from the Lake Camp.

Thirty days after Selim Bey's departure for Wadelai a steamer appeared before the Nyanza Camp, bringing in a letter from that officer, and also one from all the rebel officers at Wadelai, who announced themselves as delighted at hearing, twelve months after my second appearance at Lake Albert, that the “Envoy of our great Government” had arrived, and that they were now all unanimous for departing to Egypt under my escort.

When the Pasha had mastered the contents of his mails he came to me to impart the information that Selim Bey had caused one steamer full of refugees to be sent up to Tunguru from Wadelai, and since that time he had been engaged in transporting people from Dufflé up to Wadelai. According to this rate of progress, it became quite clear that it would require three months more, even if this effort at work, which was quite heroic in Selim Bey, would con-

tinue, before he could accomplish the transport of the people to the Nyanza Camp below the plateau. The Pasha, personally elated at what he thought to be good news, desired to know what I had determined upon, under the new aspect of affairs.

In reply, I summoned the officers of the expedition together—Lieutenant Stairs, R.E., Captain R. H. Nelson, Surgeon T. H. Parke, A.M.D., Mounteney Jephson, Esq., and Mr. William Bonny—and proposed to them, in the Pasha's presence, that they should listen to a few explanations, and then give their decision one by one, according as they should be asked.

Gentlemen, Emin Pasha has received a mail from Wadelai. Selim Bey, who left the post below here on the 26th February last, with a promise that he would hurry up such people as wished to go to Egypt, writes from Wadelai that the steamers are engaged in transporting some people from Dufflé to Wadelai—that the work of transport between Wadelai and Tunguru will be resumed upon the accomplishment of the other task. When he went away from here we were informed that he was deposed, and that Emin Pasha and he were sentenced to death by the rebel officers. We now learn that the rebel officers, ten in number, and all their faction, are desirous of proceeding to Egypt; we may suppose, therefore, that Selim Bey's party is in the ascendent again.

Shukri Aga, the chief of the Mswa Station—the station nearest to us—paid us a visit there in the middle of March. He was informed on the 16th of March, the day that he departed, that our departure for Zanzibar would positively begin on the 10th April. He took with him urgent letters for Selim Bey announcing that fact in unmistakable terms.

Eight days later we hear that Shukri Aga is still at Mswa, having only sent a few women and children to the Nyanza Camp, yet he and his people might have been here by this if they intended to accompany us.

Thirty days ago Selim Bey left us with a promise of a reasonable time. The Pasha thought once that twenty days would be a reasonable time. However, we have extended it to forty-four days. Judging by the length of time Selim Bey has already taken, only reaching Tunguru with one-sixteenth of the expected force, I personally am quite prepared to give the Pasha my decision. For you must know, gentlemen, that the Pasha, having heard from Selim Bey "intelligence so encouraging," wishes to know my decision, but I have preferred to call you to answer for me.

You are aware that our instructions were to carry relief to Emin Pasha, and to escort such as were willing to accompany us to Egypt. We arrived at the Nyanza, and met Emin Pasha in the latter part of April, 1888, just twelve months ago. We handed him his letters from the Khedive and his Government, and also the first instalment of relief, and asked him whether we were to have the pleasure of his company to Zanzibar. He replied that his decision depended on that of his people.

This was the first adverse news that we received. Instead of meeting with a number of people only too anxious to leave Africa, it was questionable whether there would be any except a few Egyptian clerks. With Major Barttelot so far distant in the rear, we could not wait at the Nyanza for this decision. As that might possibly require months, it would be more profitable to seek and assist the rear column, and by the time we arrived here again, those willing to go to Egypt would be probably impatient to start. We, therefore, leaving Mr. Jephson to convey our message to the Pasha's troops, returned to the forest region for the rear column, and in nine months were back again on the Nyanza. But instead of discovering a camp of people anxious and ready to depart from Africa, we found no camp at all, but hear that both the Pasha and Mr. Jephson are prisoners, that the Pasha has been in imminent danger of his life from

the rebels, and at another time is in danger of being bound on his bedstead, and taken to the interior of Makkaraka country. It has been current talk in the province that we were only a party of conspirators and adventurers, that the letters of the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries concocted by the vile Christians Stanley and Casati, assisted by Mohammed Emin Pasha. So elated have the rebels been by their bloodless victory over the Pasha and Mr. Jephson that they have confidently boasted of their purpose to entrap me by cajoling words, and strip our expedition of every article belonging to it, and send us adrift into the wilds to perish. We need not dwell on the ingratitude of these men, or on their intense ignorance and evil natures, but you must bear in mind the facts to guide you to a clear decision.

We believed when we volunteered for this work that we should be met with open arms. We were received with indifference, until we were led to doubt whether any people wished to depart. My representative was made a prisoner, menaced with rifles; threats were freely used. The Pasha was deposed, and for three months was a close prisoner. I am told this is the third revolt in the province. Well, in the face of all this, we have waited nearly twelve months to obtain the few hundreds of unarmed men, women, and children in this camp. As I promised Selim Bey and his officers that I would give a reasonable time, Selim Bey and his officers repeatedly promised to us there should be no delay. The Pasha has already fixed April 10th, which extended their time to forty-four days, sufficient for three round voyages for each steamer. The news brought to-day is not that Selim Bey is close here, but that he has not started from Wadelai yet.

In addition to his own friends, who are said to be loyal and obedient to him, he brings the ten rebel officers, and some six hundred or seven hundred soldiers, their faction.

Remembering the three revolts which these same officers have inspired, their pronounced intentions against this expedition, their plots and counterplots, the life of conspiracy and smiling treachery they have led, we may well pause to consider what object principally animates them now—that from being ungovernably rebellious against all constituted authority they have suddenly become obedient and loyal soldiers of the Khedive and his “great Government.” You must be aware that, exclusive of the thirty-one boxes of ammunition delivered to the Pasha by us in May, 1888, the rebels possess ammunition of the Provincial Government equal to twenty of our cases. We are bound to credit them with intelligence enough to perceive that such a small supply would be fired in an hour’s fighting among so many rifles, and that only a show of submission and apparent loyalty will insure a further supply from us. Though the Pasha brightens up each time he obtains a plausible letter from these people, strangers like we are may also be forgiven for not readily trusting those men whom they have such good cause to mistrust. Could we have some guarantee of good faith there could be no objection to delivering to them all they required; that is, with the permission of the Pasha. Can we be certain, however, that if we admit them into this camp as good friends and loyal soldiers of Egypt, they will not rise up some night and possess themselves of all the ammunition, and so deprive us of the power of returning to Zanzibar? It would be a very easy matter for them to do so after they had acquired the knowledge of the rules of the camp. With our minds filled with Mr. Jephson’s extraordinary revelations of what has been going on in the province since the closing of the Nile route, beholding the Pasha here before my very eyes—who was lately supposed to have several thousands of people under him, but now without any important following—and bearing in mind “the cajolings” and “wiles” by which we were to be entrapped, I ask

you would we be wise in extending the time of delay beyond the date fixed—that is, the 10th of April?

The officers, one after another, replied in the negative.

“There, Pasha,” I said, “you have your answer. We march on the 10th of April.”

The Pasha then asked if we could “in our consciences acquit him of having abandoned his people,” supposing they had not arrived by the 10th of April. We replied, “Most certainly.”

Three or four days after this I was informed by the Pasha—who pays great deference to Captain Casati's views—that Captain Casati was by no means certain that he was doing quite right in abandoning his people. According to the Pasha's desire, I went over to see Captain Casati, followed soon after by Emin Pasha.

Questions of law, honor, duty, were brought forward by Casati, who expressed himself clearly that “*moralement*” Emin Pasha was bound to stay by his people. I quote these matters simply to show to you that our principal difficulties lay not only with the Soudanese and Egyptians; we had some with the Europeans also, who, for some reason or another, seemed in nowise inclined to quit Africa, even when it was quite clear that the Pasha of the province had few loyal men to rely on, that the outlook before them was imminent danger and death, and that on our retirement there was no other prospect than the grave. I had to refute these morbid ideas with the A B C of common-sense. I had to illustrate the obligations of Emin Pasha to his soldiers by comparing them to a mutual contract between two parties. One party refused to abide by its stipulations, and would have no communication with the other, but proposed to itself to put the second party to death. Could that be called a contract? Emin Pasha was appointed Governor of the province. He had remained faithful to his post and duties until his own people rejected him, and finally deposed him.

He had been informed by his Government that if he and his officers and soldiers elected to quit the province, they could avail themselves of the escort of the expedition which had been sent to their assistance, or stay in Africa on their own responsibility; that the Government had abandoned the province altogether. But when the Pasha informs his people of the Government's wishes, the officers and soldiers declare the whole to be false, and decline to depart with him, will listen to no suggestion of departing, but lay hands on him, menace him with death, and for three months detain him a close prisoner. Where was the dishonor to the Pasha in yielding to what was inevitable and indisputable? As for duty, the Pasha had a dual duty to perform—that to the Khedive as his chief, and that to his soldiers. So long as neither duty clashed, affairs proceeded smoothly enough; but the instant it was hinted to the soldiers that they might retire now if they wished, they broke out into open violence and revolted, absolved the Pasha of all duty towards them, and denied that he had any duty to perform to them; consequently the Pasha could not be morally bound to care in the least for people who would not listen to him.

I do not think Casati was convinced, nor do I think the Pasha was convinced. But it is strange what strong hold this part of Africa has upon the affections of European officers, Egyptian officers, and Soudanese soldiers!

The next day after this, Emin Pasha informed me that he was certain all the Egyptians in the camp would leave with him on the day named; but from other quarters reports reached me that not one-quarter of them would leave the camp at Kavalli's. The abundance of food, the quiet demeanor of the natives, with whom we were living in perfect concord, seemed to them to be sufficient reasons for preferring life near the Nyanza to the difficulties of the march. Besides, the Mahdists, whom they dreaded, were far away, and could not possibly reach them.

On the 5th of April, Sercen, the Pasha's servant, told me that not many of the Pasha's servants intended to follow him on the 10th. The Pasha himself confirmed this. Here was a disappointment indeed! Out of the ten thousand people, there were finally comparatively very few willing to follow him to Egypt. To all of us on the expedition it had been clear from the beginning that it was all a farce on the part of the Wadelai force. It was clear that the Pasha had lost his hold over the people—neither officers, soldiers, nor servants were ready to follow him; but we could not refute the Pasha's arguments, nor could we deny that he had reason for his stout, unwavering faith in them, when he would reply, "I know my people; for fifteen years I have been with them, and I believe that when I leave all will follow me." When the rebels' letters came announcing their intention to follow their Governor, he exclaimed, "You see! I told you so!"

But now the Pasha said: "Never mind, I am something of a traveller myself. I can do with two servants quite as well as with fifty."

I did not think I should be drawn into this matter at all, having formed my own plans some time before; but it intensified my feelings greatly when I was told that, after waiting forty-four days, building their camps for them, and carrying nearly fourteen hundred loads for them up that high plateau wall, only a few out of the entire number would follow us. But on the day after I was informed that there had been an alarm in my camp the night before; the Zanzibari quarters had been entered by the Pasha's people, and an attempt made to abstract the rifles. This it was which urged me to immediate action.

I knew there had been conspiracies in the camp, that the malcontents were increasing, that we had many rebels at heart among us, that the people dreaded the march more than they feared the natives; but I scarcely believed that

they would dare put into practice their disloyal ideas in my camp.

I proceeded to the Pasha to consult with him, but the Pasha would consent to no proposition—not but what they appeared necessary and good, but he could not, owing to the want of time, etc. Yet the Pasha the evening before had received a post from Wadelai which brought him terrible tales of disorder, distress, and helplessness among Selim Bey and his faction, and the rebels and their adherents.

I accordingly informed him that I proposed to act immediately, and would ascertain for myself what this hidden danger in the camp was, and, as a first step, I would be obliged if the Pasha would signal for general muster of the principal Egyptians in the square of the camp.

The summons being sounded, and not attended to quickly enough to satisfy me, half a company of Zanzibaris were detailed to take sticks and rout every one from their huts. Dismayed by these energetic measures, they poured into the square, which was surrounded by rifles.

On being questioned, they denied all knowledge of any plot to steal the rifles from us, or to fight, or to withstand in any manner any order. It was then proposed that those who desired to accompany us to Zanzibar should step on one side. They all hastened to one side except two of the Pasha's servants. The rest of the Pasha's people, having paid no attention to the summons, were secured in their huts, and brought to the camp square, where some were flogged, and others ironed and put under guard.

“Now, Pasha,” I said, “will you be good enough to tell these Arabs that these rebellious tricks of Wadelai and Dufflé must cease here, for at the first move made by them I shall be obliged to exterminate them utterly.”

On the Pasha translating, the Arabs bowed, and vowed that they would obey their father religiously.

At the muster this curious result was returned: There

were with us 134 men, 84 married women, 187 female domestics, 74 children above two years, and 35 infants in arms; total, 514.

I have reason to believe that the number was nearer 600, as many were not reported, from a fear, probably, that some would be taken prisoners.

On the 10th of April we set out from Kavalli's in number about 1500, for 350 native carriers had been enrolled from the district to assist in carrying the baggage of the Pasha's people, whose ideas as to what was essential for the march were very crude. On the 12th we camped at Mazamboni's; but in the night I was struck down with a severe illness, which wellnigh proved mortal. It detained us at the camp twenty-eight days, which, if Selim Bey and his party were really serious in their intention to withdraw from Africa, was most fortunate for them, since it increased their time allowance to seventy-two days. But in all this interval only Shukri Aga, the chief at Mswa Station, appeared. He had started with twelve soldiers, but one by one disappeared, until he had only his trumpeter and one servant. A few days after, the trumpeter absconded. Thus only one servant was left out of a garrison of sixty men, who were reported to be the faithfulest of the faithful.

During my illness another conspiracy, or rather several conspiracies were afloat, but only one was attempted to be realized, and the ringleader of that one, a slave of Awash Efendi's, whom I had made free at Kavalli's, was arrested, and after court-martial, which found him guilty, was immediately executed.

Thus, I have very briefly summarized the events attending the withdrawal of the Pasha and his Egyptians from the neighborhood of the Albert Nyanza. I ought to mention, however, that through some error of the native couriers employed by the Egyptians with us, a packet of letters was intercepted, which threw a new light upon the character of the

people whom we were to escort to the sea-coast at Zanzibar. In a letter written by Ibrahim Effendi Elham, an Egyptian captain, to Selim Bey, at Wadelai, were found: "I beseech you to hurry up your soldiers. If you send only fifty at once, we can manage to delay the march easily enough, and if you can come with your people soon after, we may obtain all we need." Ibrahim Effendi Elham was in our camp, and we may imagine that he only wrote what was determined upon by himself and fellow-officers, should Selim Bey arrive in time to assist them in carrying out the plot.

On May 8th the march was resumed; but in the evening the last communication from Selim Bey was received. It began in a very insolent style, such as "What do you mean by making the Egyptian officers carry loads on their heads and shoulders? What do you mean by making the soldiers beasts of burden? What do you mean by—," etc.—all of which were purely mythical charges. The letter ended by abject entreaties that we should extend the time a little more, with protestations that if we did not listen to their prayers they were doomed, as they had but little ammunition left, and then concluding with the most important intelligence of all, proving our judgment of the whole number to be sound. The letter announced that the ten rebel officers and their adherents had one night broken into the store-houses at Wadelai, had possessed themselves of all the reserve ammunition and other stores, and had departed for Mal-karaka, leaving their dupe, Selim Bey, to be at last sensible that he had been an egregious fool, and that he had disobeyed the Pasha's orders and disregarded his urgent entreaties for the sake of ingrates like those who had thrust him into a deep pit, out of which there was no rescue, unless we, of course, should wait for him.

A reply was sent to him for the last time that if he were serious in wishing to accompany us we should proceed forward at a slow rate, halting twenty-four days on the route,

by which he would easily overtake us with his 200 soldiers. This was the last we heard of him.

The route I had adopted was one which skirted the Baglegga Mountains at a distance of forty miles or thereabouts from the Nyanza. The first day was a fairish path, but the three following days tried our Egyptians sorely, because of the ups and downs and the breaks of cone-grass. On arriving at the southern end of these mountains we were made aware that our march was not to be uninterrupted, for the King of Unyoro had made a bold push, and had annexed a respectable extent of country on the left side of the Semliki River, which embraced all the open grass-land between the Semliki River and the forest region. Thus, without making an immense *détour* through the forest, which would have been fatal to most of the Egyptians, we had no option but to press on, despite Kabba Rega and his Warasura. This latter name is given to the Wanyoro by all natives who have come in contact with them.

The first day's encounter was decidedly in our favor, and the effect of it cleared the territory as far as the Semliki River free of the Warasura.

Meantime we had become aware that we were on the threshold of a region which promised to be very interesting, for daily, as we advanced to the southward, the great snowy range which had so suddenly arrested our attention and excited our intense interest (on May 1, 1888) grew larger and bolder into view. It extended a long distance to the south-west, which would inevitably take us some distance off our course unless a pass could be discovered to shorten the distance to the countries south. At Buhobo, where we had the skirmish with Kabba Rega's raiders, we stood on the summit of the hilly range which bounds the Semliki Valley on its north-west and south-west sides. On the opposite side rose Ruwenzori, the Snow Mountain, and its enormous eastern flank, which dipped down gradually until it fell into

the level, and was seemingly joined with the table-land of Unyoro. The humpy western flank dipped down suddenly, as it seemed to us, into lands that we knew not by name as yet. Between these opposing barriers spread the Semliki Valley—so like a lake at its eastern extremity that one of our officers exclaimed that it was the lake, and the female followers of the Egyptians set up a shrill “Lululus” on seeing their own lake, the Albert Nyanza, again. With the naked eye it did appear like the lake, but a field-glass revealed that it was a level grassy plain, white with the ripeness of its grass. Those who have read Sir Samuel Baker’s “Albert Nyanza” will remember the passage wherein he states that to the south-west the Nyanza stretches “illimitably.” He might well be in error at such a distance, when our own people, with the plain scarcely four miles away, mistook the plain for the Nyanza. As the plain recedes south-westerly the bushes become thicker; finally acacias appear in their forests, and, beyond these again, the dead black thickness of an impenetrable tropical forest; but the plain, as far as the eye could command, continued to lie ten to twelve miles wide between these mountain barriers, and through the centre of it—sometimes inclining towards the south-east mountains, sometimes to the south-western range. The Semliki River pours its waters towards the Albert Nyanza.

In two marches from Buhobo we stood upon its banks, and, alas for Mason Bey and Gessi Pasha! had they but halted their steamers for half an hour to examine this river, they would have seen sufficient to excite much geographical interest; for the river is a powerful stream from eighty to one hundred yards wide, averaging nine feet depth from side to side, and having a current from three and a half to four knots per hour, in size about equal to two-thirds of the Victoria Nile.

As we were crossing this river the Warasura attacked us

from the rear with a well-directed volley, but, fortunately, the distance was too great. They were chased for some miles; but, fleet as greyhounds, they fled, so there were no casualties to report on either side.

We entered the Awamba country on the eastern shore of the Semliki, and our marches for several days afterwards were through plantain plantations, which flourished in the clearings made in this truly African forest. Finally, we struck the open again immediately under Ruwenzori itself. Much, however, as we had flattered ourselves that we should see some marvellous scenery, the Snow Mountain was very coy, and hard to see. On most days it loomed impending over us like a tropical storm-cloud, ready to dissolve in rain and ruin on us. Near sunset a peak or two here, a crest there, a ridge beyond, white with snow, shot into view—jagged clouds whirling and eddying round them, and then the darkness of night. Often at sunrise, too, Ruwenzori would appear fresh, clean, brightly pure; profound blue voids above and around it; every line and dent, knoll and turret-like crag deeply marked and clearly visible. But presently all would be buried under mass upon mass of mist, until the immense mountain was no more visible than if we were thousands of miles away. And then, also, the Snow Mountain being set deeply in the range, the nearer we approached the base of the range the less we saw of it, for higher ridges obtruded themselves and barred the view. Still, we have obtained three remarkable views—one from the Nyanza Plain, another from Kavalli, and a third from the South Point.

In altitude above the sea I should estimate it to be between 18,000 and 19,000 feet. We cannot trust our triangulations, for the angles are too small. When we were in positions to ascertain it correctly, the inconstant mountain gathered his cloudy blankets around him and hid himself from view; but a clear view, from the loftiest summit down

to the lowest reach of snow, obtained from a place called Karimi, makes me confident that the height is between the figures stated above.

It took us nineteen marches to reach the south-west angle of the range, the Semliki Valley being below us on our right, and which, if the tedious mist had permitted, would have been exposed in every detail. That part of the valley traversed by us is generally known under the name of Awamba, while the habitable portion of the range is principally denominated Ukonju. The huts of these natives, the Bakonju, are seen as high as 8000 feet above the sea.

Almost all our officers had at one time a keen desire to distinguish themselves as the climbers of these African Alps, but, unfortunately, they were in a very unfit state for such a work. The Pasha only managed to get 1000 feet higher than our camp, but Lieutenant Stairs reached the height of 10,677 feet above the sea, but had the mortification to find two deep gulfs between him and the Snowy Mount proper. He brought, however, a good collection of plants, among which were giant heather, blackberries, and bilberries. The Pasha was in his element among these plants, and has classified them.

The first day we had disentangled ourselves of the forest proper, and its outskirts of straggling bush, we looked down from the grassy shelf below Ruwenzori range and saw a grassy plain, level seemingly as a bowling-green, the very duplicate of that which is seen at the extremity of the Albert Nyanza—extending southerly from the forest of the Semliki Valley. We then knew that we were not far from the Southern Lake discovered by me in 1877.

Under guidance of the Wakonju I sent Lieutenant Stairs to examine the river, said to flow from the Southern Nyanza. He returned next day, reporting it to be the Semliki River, narrowed down to a stream forty-two yards wide and about ten feet deep, flowing, as the canoe-men on its banks said, to

the Nyanza Utuku, or Nyanza of Unyoro—the Albert Nyanza. Besides native reports, he had other corroborative evidence to prove it to be the Semliki.

On the second march from the confines of Awavela we entered Usongora—a grassy region as opposite in appearance from the perpetual spring of Ukonju as a droughty land could well be. This country bounds the Southern Nyanza on its northern and north-western side.

Three days later, while driving the Warasura before us, or, rather, as they were self-driven by their own fears, we entered, soon after its evacuation, the important town of Kative, the headquarters of the raiders. It is situated between an arm of the Southern Nyanza and a salt-lake about two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, which consists of pure brine of a pinky color, and deposits salt in solid cakes of salt-crystals. This was the property of the Wasongora, but the value of its possession has attracted the cupidity of Kabba Rega, who reaps a considerable revenue from it. Toro, Ankori, Mpororo, Ruanda, Ukonju, and many other countries demand the salt for consumption, and the fortunate possessor of this inexhaustible treasure of salt reaps all that is desirable of property in Africa in exchange, with no more trouble than the defence of it.

Our road from Kative lay east and north-east, to round the bay-like extension of the Nyanza lying between Usongora and Unyampaka, and it happened to be the same taken by the main body of the Warasura in their hasty retreat from the salt-lake. On entering Uhaiyana, which is to the south of Toro, and in the uplands, we had passed the northern head of the Nyanza, or Beatrice Gulf, and the route to the south was open—not, however, without another encounter with the Warasura.

A few days later we entered Unyampaka, which I had visited in January, 1876. Ringi, the king, declined to enter into the cause of Unyoro, and allowed us to feed on his ba-

nanas unquestioned. After following the lake shore until it turned too far to the south-west, we struck for the lofty uplands of Ankori, by the natives of which we were well received, preceded, as we had been, by the reports of our good deeds in relieving the salt-lake of the presence of the universally obnoxious Warasura.

If you draw a straight line from the Nyanza to the Uzinja shores of the Victoria Lake, it would represent pretty fairly our course through Ankori, Karagwe, and Uhaiya to Uzinja. Ankori was open to us, because we had driven the Wanyoro from the salt-lake. The story was an open sesame. There also existed a wholesome fear of an expedition which had done that which all the power of Ankori could not have done. Karagwe was open to us, because free-trade is the policy of the Wanyambu, and because the Waganda were too much engrossed with their civil war to interfere with our passage. Uhaiya admitted our entrance without cavil out of respect to our numbers, and because we were well introduced by the Wanyambu, and the Wakwiya guided us in like manner to be welcomed by the Wazinja. Nothing happened during the long journey from the Albert Lake to cause us any regret that we had taken this straight course, but we have suffered from an unprecedented number of fevers. We have had as many as 150 cases in one day. Ankori is so beswept with cold winds that the expedition wilted under them. Seasoned veterans like the Pasha and Captain Casati were prostrated time after time, and both were reduced to excessive weakness like ourselves. Our blacks, regardless of their tribes, tumbled headlong into the long grass to sleep their fever fits off. Some, after a short illness, died. The daily fatigues of the march, an ulcer, a fit of fever, a touch of bowel complaint, caused the Egyptians to hide in any cover along the route; and, being unperceived by the rear-guard of the expedition, were left to the doubtful treatment of natives with whose language they were

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utterly ignorant. In the month of July we lost 141 of their number in this manner.

Out of respect to the first British prince who has shown an interest in African geography, we have named the southern Nyanza—to distinguish it from the other two Nyanzas—the Albert Edward Nyanza. It is not a very large lake. Compared to the Victoria, the Tanganyika, and the Nyassa, it is small, but its importance and interest lie in the sole fact that it is the receiver of all the streams at the extremity of the south-western or left Nile basins, and discharges these waters by one river, the Semliki, into the Albert Nyanza, in like manner as Lake Victoria receives all streams from the extremity of the south-eastern or right Nile basin, and pours these waters by the Victoria Nile into the Albert Nyanza.

These two Niles, amalgamating in Lake Albert, leave this under the well-known name of White Nile.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

William Mackinnon, Esq., etc.

LETTER X.

VARIOUS INCIDENTS OF THE EXPEDITION; DISCOVERY AFTER
DISCOVERY.

[The following letter is addressed to Mr. Edward Marston, Mr. Stanley's friend and publisher.]

C. M. S. Station, South End Victoria Nyanza,

September 3, 1889.

MY DEAR MARSTON,—It just now appears such an age to me since I left England. Ages have gone by since I saw you, surely. Do you know why? Because a daily-thickening barrier of silence has crept between that time and this;

silence so dense that in vain we yearn to pierce it. On my side, I may ask, What have you been doing? On yours you may ask, And what have you been doing? I can assure myself, now that I know you live, that few days have passed without the special task of an enterprising publisher being performed as wisely and well as possible, and for the time being you can believe me that one day has followed the other in striving strifefully against all manner of obstacles, natural and otherwise, from the day I left Yambuya to August 28, 1889, the day I arrived here. The bare catalogue of incidents would fill several quires of foolscap; catalogue of skirmishes would be of respectable length; catalogue of adventures, accidents, mortalities, sufferings from fever, morbid musings over mischances that meet us daily, would make a formidable list.

You know that all the stretch of country between Yambuya to this place was an absolutely new country except what may be measured by five ordinary marches. First, there is that dead white of the map now changed to a dead black—I mean that darkest region of the earth confined between E. long. 25° and E. long. $29^{\circ} 45'$, one great, compact, remorselessly sullen forest, the growth of an untold number of ages, swarming at stated intervals with immense numbers of vicious man-eating savages and crafty undersized men, who were unceasing in their annoyance. Then there is that belt of grass-land lying between it and the Albert Nyanza, whose people contested every mile of advance with spirit, and made us think that they were guardians of some priceless treasure hidden on the Nyanza shores, or at war with Emin Pasha and his thousands. A Sir Perceval in search of the Holy Grail could not have met with hotter opposition. Three separate times necessity compelled us to traverse this unholy region, with varying fortunes. Incidents often crowded fast. Emin Pasha was a prisoner, an officer of ours was his forced companion, and it really appeared as though we

were to be added to the list; but there is a virtue, you know, even in striving unyieldingly in hardening the nerve and facing these ever-clinging mischances, without paying too much heed to the reputed danger. One is assisted much by knowing that there is no other course, and the danger somehow, nine times out of ten, diminishes.

The rebels of Emin Pasha's Government relied on their craft and the wiles of the heathen Chinees, and it is rather amusing now to look back and note how punishment has fallen on them. Was it Providence or luck? Let those who love to analyze such matters reflect on it. Traitors without the camp and traitors within were watched, and the most active conspirator was discovered, tried, and hanged; the traitors without fell afoul of one another, and ruined themselves. If not luck, then it is surely Providence, in answer to good men's prayers far away.

Our own people, tempted by extreme wretchedness and misery, sold our rifles and ammunition to our natural enemies, the Manyema slave-traders' true friends, without the least grace in either their bodies or souls. What happy influence was it that restrained me from destroying all those concerned in it? Each time I read the story of Captain Nelson's and Surgeon Parke's sufferings I feel vexed at my forbearance; and yet, again, I feel thankful, for a Higher Power than man's severely afflicted the cold-blooded murderers by causing them to feed upon one another a few weeks after the rescue and relief of Nelson and Parke. The memory of those days alternately hardens and unmans me.

With the rescue of the Pasha, poor old Casati, and those who preferred Egypt's fleshpots to the coarse plenty of the province near the Nyanza, we returned; and while we were patiently waiting, the doom of the rebels was consummated.

Since that time of anxiety and unhappy outlook I have been at the point of death from a dreadful illness; the strain

had been too much, and for twenty-eight days I lay helpless, tended by the kindly and skilful hand of Surgeon Parke.

Then, little by little, I gathered strength, and ordered the march for home. Discovery after discovery in the wonderful region was made—the snowy range of Ruevenzoni, the “Cloud King” or “Rain Creator,” the Semliki River, the Albert Edward Nyanza, the plains of Usongora, the salt lakes of Kativé, the new peoples, Wakonju of the Great Mountains, the dwellers of the rich forest region, the Aw-amba, the fine-featured Wasongora, the Wanyoro bandits, and then the Lake Albert Edward tribe and the shepherd race of the eastern uplands—the Wanyankori, besides the Wanya-ruwamba and the Wazinja—until at last we came to a church whose cross dominated a Christian settlement, and we knew that we had reached the outskirts of blessed civilization.

We have every reason to be grateful; and may that feeling be ever kept within me. Our promises as volunteers have been performed as well as though we had been specially commissioned by a government. We have been all volunteers, each devoting his several gifts, abilities, and energies to win a successful issue for the enterprise. If there has been anything that clouded sometimes our thoughts, it has been that we were compelled by the state of Emin Pasha and his own people to cause anxieties to our friends by tedious delay, and every opportunity I have endeavored to lessen these by despatching full accounts of our progress to the Committee, that through them all interested might be acquainted with what we had been doing. Some of my officers also have been troubled in thought that their government might not overlook their having overstayed their leave; but the truth is, the wealth of the British Treasury could not have hastened our march without making ourselves liable to impeachment for breach of faith, and the

officers were as much involved as myself in doing the thing honorably and well.

I hear there is great trouble, war, etc., between the Germans and Arabs of Zanzibar. What influence this may have on our fortunes I do not know, but we trust nothing to interrupt the march to the sea, which will be begun in a few days.

Meantime, with such wishes as the best and most inseparable friends endow one another, I pray your partners, Mr. Searle, Mr. Rivington, and young Mr. Marston, to accept, and you to believe me,

Always yours sincerely,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

To Edward Marston, Esq.

LETTER XI.

FROM MR. JEPHSON TO MR. STANLEY.—LETTER FROM THE MAHDI'S GENERAL TO EMIN.—LETTERS FROM LUPTON BEY TO EMIN.

DEAR SIR,—The following letter is a translation of a copy of the original letter sent by the hand of three Peacock dervishes from Omar Saleh, General of the Mahdi's forces, to Emin Pasha. The letter arrived on October 17, 1888, when the Pasha and I were prisoners at Dufflé, and was intercepted and opened by the rebel officers, who, after torturing the Mahdi's three envoys to get information from them, had them beaten to death with clubs. I am indebted to Osman Effendi Latif, Vakeel of the province, for the copy of this letter. His son entered the rebels' divan at great risk, secretly at night, and copied the letter for me. The translation of the letter was made by Emin Pasha. The original letter was destroyed, together with the Government books and papers, in the burning of Dufflé.

I am, yours faithfully,

A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

H. M. Stanley, Esq., commanding Expedition.

From the servant of God, Omar Saleh, officer of the Mahdi, to whom we give reverential greetings, appointed for conducting affairs in the Province of Hatalastiva, to

The Honored Mahomed Emin, Muḍir of Hatalastiva.

May God lead him in the paths of His gifts. Amen.

After greeting you, I would remind you that the world is a house of change and decay, and everything in it must one day perish; nothing in it is of value to a true servant of God except that which is for his good in his future life. If God wishes to be kind to His servant, He humbles him and blesses all he does, and God is the blessing in everything, and no word nor action proceeds from Him which does not show His infinite compassion. God is the Master of all His creatures; in His hands are the keys of all things; there is nothing beyond His power in the heavens or in the earth. He sees all things within and without, and all things good and evil are in His hands. The King gives His gifts to whomsoever He pleases, He says "Be," and it is so.

As you are intelligent and understand good advice, we think of you with all kindness, for we have heard of you from many of your friends, who have told us of your life and of your work. Among them our friend Osman Erlab, your messenger, who has come with us, and from others. As we have heard you are kind to your people and that you love justice, we have decided to tell you of our doings and of our position, because there are many people adverse to us, and they do not speak the truth about our affairs, and perhaps they deny the truth. We belong to God's army and follow His Word only; with our army is the victory, and we follow the Imam Mahomed el Mahdi, the son of Abdullah—before whom we bow—the Khalífa and Prophet of God—to whom we offer our greetings, and of whom the Master of All has said, "And in these days there shall be raised from my seat a man who shall fill the earth with justice and light as it was filled before with injustice and darkness." We

have now come by his order, and there is no possible result but what is good from his commands in this changeful world. We have given ourselves, our children, and possessions to him as an offering to God and He has accepted them from us. He has brought his true believers their souls and possessions with His Word and Paradise belongs to them. If they are killed, they are killed as an offering to God, and if they kill, they kill in His cause, as it is written in the Old Testament and in the Koran. Whoever fulfils his duty towards God is by His blessing bought by Him, as he also buys him, and He is Master of the world.

In the month of Ramadan, 1298, God revealed the expected Mahdi, and made him sit on His footstool, and girded him with the sword of victory. He told him that whoever was his enemy was unfaithful to God and His Prophet, and should suffer in this world and in the next, and his children and goods should become the prey of the true Moslems, and he (the Mahdi) should be victorious over all his foes, though they were as numberless as the sand of the desert; and whoever should disobey him should be punished by God. And God showed him His angels and saints from the time of Adam till this day, and all the spirits and devils. He has before him an army—its chief is Israel—to whom our greetings; and He ever goes before the victorious army a distance of forty miles. Besides this, God revealed to him many miracles. It was impossible to count them, but they were as clear as the sun at mid-day, whose light is seen by all. And the people flocked to him by the orders of God and His Prophet.

He commanded the people to collect and assist him against his foes from all parts of the country, and he wrote to the Governor-general at Khartoum and to all the governors in the Soudan, and his orders were fulfilled. He wrote to every king, especially to the Sultan of Stamboul, Abdul Hamid, to Mahomed Tewfik, Vali of Egypt, and to Victoria, Queen

of Britannia, because she was in alliance with the Egyptian Government. Then the people came from every side and submitted to his rule, and told them they submitted to God and His Prophet and to him, for there is only one God and He is supreme, and they promised they would abstain from all evil, and that they would neither steal nor commit adultery, nor do anything which was forbidden by God. They would give up the world and strive only for God's Word and make war for their Holy Belief forever.

And we have found him, the Mahdi, more compassionate to us than a pitying mother; he lives with the great, but has pity for the poor; he collects people of honor around him and houses the generous; he speaks only the truth and brings people to God, and relieves them in this world, and shows them the path to the next. He reigns over us according to God's word, and conforms to the words of the priests. And all religions and the Moslems have become brothers and help one another for good, and have become slaves of the Prophet, who said, "All men are equal before God." He was told by God that his time had come, and that his friends were God's friends, and the people believed in him, as did Abd el Kader el Geli, who believed in him and in his mission, and said, "Who follows him goes to eternal blessing, and who denies him denies God and His Prophet." But the whole of the Turks in the Soudan who saw the wonders and forewarnings which happened at this time and did not believe, have been destroyed by God, and have been killed one after another.

The first army which fought against the Mahdi had for its chief Abu Soud Bey, who came with a steamer at the time when the Mahdi was at Abba; but though he was hard pressed, God killed all his enemies. Then the Prophet ordered him to Gedir, and he went, but he was followed by Raschid Imam Mudir of Pashodo and many people with him. Then followed Yuseph Pasha el Shilali, Mahomed

Bey Sulieman el Shaiki, and Abdullah Wadi Defallah, one of the Kordofan merchants, and with them another army of great strength, and God killed them all. Then came the army of Hicks, a renowned man, and with him Al-ed-din Pasha, Governor-general of the Soudan, and many officers, and with them a very large army composed of the people of different countries—no one but God knows their number—and many Krupp guns, and they were all killed in less than an hour, and their strongholds were taken right up to Khartoum, the residence of the Governor-general, a very strong place between the two rivers.

In Khartoum were killed Gordon Pasha, the Governor, and with him the Consuls, Hansal and Nichola Leontides, the Greek, and Azor the Copt, and many others of the Christians, and many of the rebellious Mahomedans, Farrateh Pasha Ezzeim, Mahomet Pasha Hassan, Bachit, Batraki, and Achmet Bey el Dgelab. And whoever was killed by the Mahdi's followers was at once consumed by fire, and this is one of the greatest wonders happening to confirm what is written is come to pass before the end of the world. There is just another wonder. The spears carried by the Mahdi's followers had a flame burning at their points, and this we have seen with our eyes and not heard only.

And so event followed event near Suakim and Dongola until General Stewart Pasha, Gordon's second in command, died, and with him some consuls, and this happened in Wady Kama. Then the other Stewart in Abu Teleah, he had come with an English army to relieve Gordon Pasha, but many were killed, and God drove them back ignominiously. And then the whole Soudan and its dependencies accepted the Mahdi's rule, and submitted to the Imam the Mahdi, and gave themselves to him with their children and possessions and became his followers, and whoever opposed him was killed by God, and his children and property became the prey of the Moslems.

The armies of the Mahdi under the command of our friend Wed en Nedgumi are beleaguering Egypt near Wady Halfa and Abu Hamed. Near Askar Abu el Hudjadg is our friend Osman Digna. Abyssinia is in the hands of our friend Handan Abu Gandia. In an encounter with the Abyssinians, God helped him, and he killed them, and among those killed was the chief of their army, who was called Ras Adrangi; some of his children were killed and some made slaves. Our people reached the great church in the town of Condar, which is one of the most remarkable things among the Christians. In Darfour, Shakka, and Bahr el Ghazal is our friend Osman Aden, and with him Keremallah and Zebehr el Fhasl. The whole country is in the hands of God's soldiers, who war against the foes of God, who deny the Imam, the Mahdi. They are always victorious by God's strength and might, as He promised by His Word, "Ye who believe if ye fight, God will give you the victory." And again, "God is with us, and the victory is to the believers;" and yet again, "God is well pleased by those who are slain in His service; they are like reared up strongholds."

So now we have come in three steamers and in sandals and nuggers filled with soldiers from God's army under our orders, sent to you from his Mightiness the Great Chief of all the Moslems, the ever-victorious in his religion, who relies on God the Lord of the world, the Khalifa, the Mahdi—may God be gracious unto him!—with his sacred orders, which are the orders of God and His Prophet, and it is your duty to obey them by reason of their religious teaching, you and whoever may be with you, whether Moslems, Christians, or others, and we bring you such news as will insure your welfare in this world and in the next, and to tell you what God wishes, He and His Prophet, and to assure you of a free pardon, to you and to whomsoever is with you, and protection for your children and property, from God and His Prophet, on condition that you submit to God.

There are with us some letters written, by permission of our master, by some of your brethren who wish you well; they are from Abdul Kader Slatin, who was formerly Mudir of Darfour; Mahomed Said, who was formerly called Georgi Islamboulia; Ismail Abdullah, who was formerly called Boles Salib, a Copt; and many others who sympathize with you, and are now honored by the Mahdi's grace. There are also letters from your companions, Abdullah Lupton, who was Mudir of Bahr el Ghazal, Ibrahim Pasha Fanzi, Nur Bey; Ibrahim Bey, commander of Kordofan. God has helped them all with his blessing, and they are now well-to-do and free from care, and God has given them more than they ever possessed in worldly goods and heavenly favor—when they became friends of the Mahdi, God rewarded them.

Now, the Khalifa, the Mahdi, out of compassion for your forlorn state, left alone in the hands of the negroes—for there has been no news of you for a long time, and you must have lost all hope—has sent us to you with an army, as I before told you, to take you out of the land of the infidels to join your brethren the Moslems. Submit, therefore, with gladness to God's wish and come at once to see me wherever I may be, for I am now so near you, that I may honor you with the sacred Orders. You will find them full of wonderful things, on which depend your salvation in this and in the next world, and you will find in them the contentment of God, the ruler of the world. I have to add I am ordered by his Highness—whom no one can deny—that I am to honor you and take care of you, and when we meet you will have all your wishes fulfilled, and you will become one of the true believers, as your master wishes.

And now be of good cheer and do not delay. I have said enough for one whose intelligence is bright, and now we pray God to lead you towards our master, for we believe you are one of those who hear good advice and follow it—and in truth it is God's gift. Among the things in your

favor in the hands of the Khalifa, the Mahdi, was the arrival of your letter, brought by our friend Osman Erbal, intimating your submission. He received this letter, and was well pleased with it, and because of this and the Khalifa, the Mahdi's, compassion for you we have come here as I told you before.

May God bless and assist you in all that you do. Salaam.

P.S.—The following letters are copies of the last three letters from Lupton Bey, Governor of the Bahr el Ghazal Province, to Emin Pasha, who kindly allowed me to copy them.—A. J. M. JEPHSON.

April 12, 1884.

DEAR EMIN,—The Mahdi's army is now camped six hours' march from here. Two dervishes have arrived here, and want me to hand over the Murdireh to them. I will fight to the last. I have put my guns in a strong fort, and if they succeed in capturing the Murdireh, I shall, I hope, from my fort turn them out again. They come to you at once if I lose the day; so look out. Perhaps this is my last letter to you. My position is desperate, as my own men have gone over to them in numbers. I am known now by the name of Abdullah. I win the day or die; so good-bye. Kind regards to Dr. Junker.

If steamer comes to you, write to my friends and let them know I die game.

F. LUPTON.

Their address is 38 Leadenhall Street, London, or Highhouse, Blackheath, London.

April 20, 1884.

DEAR EMIN BEY,—Most of my people have joined the Mahdi's force. Nazir Bucho and Nazir Liffe, with all their men, have gone over; also the people from Gudju have gone over with the Government grain. I don't know how it will end. I have sent Wazy Uller to the Mahdi's camp. I hardly

know if I am Lupton Bey or the Emir Abdullah. I will write you as soon as Wazy Uller returns. Enemy are armed with Remingtons, and have four or five companies of regular troops with them, and some 8000 or 10,000 Orbau and Gil-labau,* but I will give you their correct strength as soon as I am sure about the matter. I don't think it's under the above number. Slatin wrote me two lines; he only said, "I send this man Hadji Mustapha Kismullah to you." He is now the Emir Abd el Kada.

Yours truly,

F. LUPTON.

April 25, 1884.

DEAR EMIN,—It is all up with me here; every one has joined the Mahdi, and his army takes charge of the Murdi-reh the day after to-morrow. What I have passed through the last few days no one knows. I am perfectly alone. The man who brings you this will give you all particulars. I hear that an army was never so totally defeated as was that of General Hicks. Out of 16,000 men only 52 are alive, and they are nearly all wounded. Look you out; some 8000 to 10,000 men are coming to you well armed. Hoping that we shall meet.

Yours truly,

F. LUPTON.

LETTER XII.

GEOGRAPHICAL RESULTS FROM THE ALBERT NYANZA TO UZINJA.

To the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, London.

Camp at Kizinga, Uzinja, *August 17, 1889.*

SIR,—I remember, while standing on the edge of the plateau which overlooks the southern end of Lake Albert, in December, 1887, that looking across the lake to the Unyoro

* Desert Arabs and traders.—A. J. M. J.

plateau, and running my eye along its unbroken outline from north to south, I was much struck by the gradual but steady uplift of the land to a point near the lake's end, where a wide cleft separated the plateau from the disjointed mass and higher elevations culminating around Mount Ajif. Southward beyond Ajif we could see nothing but dark, impenetrable clouds, ominous of a storm; yet underneath these night-black clouds lurked a most interesting mystery—that of the long-lost and wandering “Mountains of the Moon.” Little did we imagine it, but the results of our journey from the Albert Nyanza to Unyampaka, where I turned away from the newly discovered lake in 1876, establish beyond a doubt that the snowy mountain which bears the native name of Ruwenzori or Ruwenjura is identical with what the ancients called “Mountains of the Moon.”

Note what Scheabeddin, an Arab geographer of the fifteenth century, writes: “From the Mountains of the Moon the Egyptian Nile takes its rise. It cuts horizontally the equator in its course north. Many rivers come from this mountain and unite in a great lake. From this lake comes the Nile, the most beautiful and greatest of the rivers of all the earth.”

If, adopting the quaint style and brevity of the Arab writer, we would write of this matter now, we would say: “From Ruwenzori, the Snow Mountain, the western branch of the Upper Nile takes its rise. Many rivers come from this mountain, and uniting in the Semliki River, empty into a great lake named by its discoverer the Albert Nyanza. From this lake, which also receives the eastern branch of the Upper Nile, issues the true Nile, one of the most famous of the rivers of all the earth.”

But this is a matter of slight moment compared to the positive knowledge that in the least suspected part of Africa there has shot up into view and fact a lofty range of mountains, the central portion of which is covered with perpetual

snow, which supplies a lake to the south of the equator, and pours besides scores of sweet-water streams to the large tributary feeding the Albert Nyanza from the south.

You will remember that Samuel Baker, in 1864, reported the Albert Nyanza to stretch "illimitably" in a south-westerly direction from Vacovia, and that Gessi Pasha, who first circumnavigated that lake, and Mason Bey, who, in 1877, made a more careful investigation of it, never even hinted of the existence of a snowy mountain in that neighborhood, nor did the two last travellers pay any attention to the Semliki River. I might even add that Emin Pasha, for years resident on or near Lake Albert, or Captain Casati, who for some months resided in Unyoro, never heard of any such remarkable object as a snowy mountain being in that region, therefore we may well call it an unsuspected part of Africa. Surely it was none of our purpose to discover it. It simply thrust itself direct in our homeward route, and as it insisted on our following its base-line, we viewed it from all sides but the north-east. Only then could we depart from its neighborhood.

Surrounded as I am by the hourly wants of an expedition like this, I cannot command the time to write such a letter on this subject as I would wish. I must even content myself with allowing a few facts to fall into line for your leisurely consideration.

If you will draw a straight line from the debouchure of the Nile from Lake Albert, 230 geographical miles in a direction nearly south-west magnetic, you will have measured the length of a broad line of subsidence, which is from twenty to fifty miles wide, that exists between 3° N. lat. and 1° S. lat. in the centre of the African continent. On the left of this great trough, looking northward, of course, there is a continuous line of upland, rising from 1000 to 3000 feet above it. Its eastern face drops abruptly into the trough; the western side slopes gently to the Ituri and

Lomba basins. To the right there is another line of upland. The most northerly section, ninety miles, rising from 1000 to 3000 feet along the trough, is the Unyoro plateau, whose western face almost precipitously falls into the trough, and whose eastern face slopes almost imperceptibly towards the Kafur. The central section, also ninety miles long, consists of the Ruwenzori range, from 4000 to 15,000 feet above the average level of the trough. The remaining section of upland, and the most southerly, is from 2000 to 3500 feet higher than the trough, and consists of the plateaus of Uhaiyana, Unyampaka, and Ankori.

The most northerly section of the line of subsidence, ninety miles in length, is occupied by the Albert Nyanza; the central section, also ninety miles, by the Semliki River valley; the southernmost portion, fifty miles long, by the plains and the new Nyanza, which we have all agreed to name the Albert Edward Nyanza, in honor of the first British prince who has shown a decided interest in African geography.

You will observe, then, that the Semliki Valley extends along the base of the Ruwenzori range; that the northern and southern extremities or flanks of Ruwenzori have each a lake abreast of it; that the Semliki River runs from the upper to the lower lake in a zigzag course.

If you were to make a plan in *rilievo* of what has been described above, the first thing that would strike you would be that what had been taken out of that abyss or trough had been heaped up in the enormous range, and if along its slope you were to channel out sixty-two streams emptying into this trough, and let the sides of the trough slope here and there sharply towards the centre, you would be impressed with the fact that Ruwenzori was slowly being washed into the place whence it came. However, all these are matters for geologists.

For months all Europeans on this expedition, before set-

ting out on their journey towards Zanzibar from the Albert Lake, were exercised in their minds how Sir Samuel Baker, standing on a hill near Vacovia, five or six miles from the extremity of the Nyanza, could attach "illimitability" to such a short reach of water; but after rounding the Balega Mountains, which form a group to the south of Kavalli, we suddenly came in view of the beginning of the Semliki Valley, a sight which caused officers to ask one another, "Have you seen the Nyanza?" and the female portion of the Egyptian following to break out into rapturous "Lu-lu-lus." Yet we were only four miles away from the valley, which was nearly white with its ripe grass, and which indeed resembled strongly the disturbed waters of a shallow lake.

This part of the Semliki Valley, which extends from the lake south-westerly, is very level; for thirty miles it only attains to an altitude of fifty feet above the lake. All this part can only recently have been formed, say the last few hundred years. In one of its crooked bends nearer the south-eastern range we stumbled suddenly upon the Semliki River, with an impetuous volume, from eighty to one hundred yards wide, and an average depth of nine feet. Its continually crumbling banks of sandy loam rose about six feet above it. One glance at it revealed it to be a river weighted with fine sediment. When we experimented, we found a drinking-glass full of water contained nearly a teaspoonful of sediment. We need not wonder, then, that for miles the south end of Lake Albert is so shallow that it will scarcely float a row-boat.

Beyond the grassy portion of the valley, a few acacias begin to stud it, which, as we proceed south-westerly, become detached groves, then a continuous thin forest, until it reaches the dense and rank tropical forest, with tall trees joined together by giant creepers, and nourishing in its shade thick undergrowths. Everything now begins to be

sloppy wet, leaves and branches glisten with dew, weeping mosses cover stem, branch, and twig. The ground is soaked with moisture, a constant mist rises from the fermenting bosom of the forest. In the morning it covers the valley from end to end, and during the early hours, stratum after stratum rises, and attracted by the greater drought along the slant of the Ruwenzori slopes, drifts upward until the summits of the highest mountains are reached, when it is gradually intensified until the white mist has become a storm-cloud, and discharges its burden of moisture amid bursts of thunder and copious showers.

The valley sensibly rises faster in the forest region than in the grassy part. Knolls and little rounded hills crop out, and the ground is much more uneven. Violent streams have ploughed deep ravines round about them, and have left long, narrow ridges, scarcely a stride across, at the summit between two ravines a couple of hundred feet deep. At about seventy-five miles from the Albert Nyanza the valley has attained about 900 feet of an altitude above it, and at this junction the forest region abruptly ends. The south-west angle of Ruwenzori is about east of this, and with the change of scene a change of climate occurs. We have left eternal verdure, and the ceaseless distillation of mist and humid vapors into rain, behind, and we now look upon grass ripe for the annual fire and general droughtiness. From this place the valley becomes like a level grassy plain until the Albert Edward Nyanza is reached.

The southernmost stretch of the Ruwenzori range projects like a promontory between two broad extents of the ancient bed of the Albert Edward. To avoid the long *détour*, we cross this hilly promontory in a south-easterly direction from the Semliki Valley, and enter eastern Usongora, and are in a land as different from that at the north-western base of Ruwenzori as early summer is from midwinter. As we continue easterly, we leave Ruwenzori on our left now, and the

strangely configured Albert Edward Nyanza on our right. The broad plains which extend between were once covered by this lake. Indeed, for miles along its border there are breadths of far-reaching tongues of swamp penetrating inland. Streams of considerable volume pour through these plains towards the Nyanza from Ruwenzori, without benefiting the land in the least. Except for its covering of grass—at this season withered and dried—it might well be called a desert; yet in former times, not very remote, the plains were thickly peopled—the zeribas of milk-weed and dark circles of Euphorbia, wherein the shepherds herded their cattle by night, prove that, as well as the hundreds of cattle-dung mounds we come across. The raids of Waganda and the Warasura have depopulated the land of the Wasongora, the former occupants, and have left only a miserable remnant, who subsist by doing “chores” for the Warasura, their present masters.

From Usongora we enter Toro, the Albert Edward Nyanza being still on our right, and our course being now northeasterly, as though our purpose was to march to Lake Albert again. After about twenty miles' march we turn east, leave the plains of the Albert Edward, and ascend to the uplands of Uhaiyana, which having gained, our course is south until we have passed Unyampaka, which I first saw in 1876.

South of Unyampaka stretches Ankori, a large country and thickly peopled. The plains have an altitude of over 5000 feet above the sea, but the mountains rise to as high as 6400 feet. As Ankori extends to the Alexandra Nile, we have the well-known land of Karagwé south of this river.

Since leaving the Albert Nyanza, between Kavalli and the Semliki River, we traversed the lands of the Wavira and Baregga. On crossing the Semliki we entered the territory of the Awamba. When we gained the grassy terrace at the base of the Ruwenzori range we travelled on the border-line between the Wakonju, who inhabit the lower slopes of Ru-

wenzori, and the Awamba, who inhabit the forest region of the Semliki Valley. The Wajonku are the only people who dwell upon the mountains. They build their villages as high as 8000 feet above the sea. In time of war—for the Warasura have invaded their country also—they retreat up to the neighborhood of the snows. They say that once fifty men took refuge right in the snow region, but it was so bitterly cold that only thirty returned to their homes. Since that time they have a dread of the upper regions of their mountains.

As far as the south-west angle of Ruwenzori the slopes of the front line of hills are extensively cultivated—the fields of sweet-potatoes, millet, eleusine, and plantations of bananas describe all kinds of squares, and attract the attention; while between each separate settlement the wild banana thrives luxuriantly, growing at as high an altitude as the summits of the highest spurs, whereon the Wakonju have constructed their villages.

Though we were mutually hostile at first, and had several little skirmishes, we became at last acquainted with the Wakonju, and very firm, close friends. The common enemy were the Warasura, and the flight of the Warasura upon hearing of our advance revealed to the Wakonju that they ought to be friends with all those who were supposed to be hostile to their oppressors. Hence we received goats, bananas and native bee in abundance; our loads were carried, guides furnished us, and every intelligence of the movements of the Wanyoro brought us. In their ardor to engage the foe, a band of them accompanied us across Usongora and Toro to the frontier of Uhaiyana.

South-west of Awamba, beyond the forest region of the Semliki Valley, begins Usongora. This country occupies the plains bordering the north-west and north of Lake Albert Edward. The people are a fine race, but in no way differing from the finer types of men seen in Karagwé and Ankori,

and the Wahuma shepherds of Uganda. Their food consists of milk and meat, the latter eaten raw or slightly warmed.

The Toro natives are a mixture of the higher class of negroes, somewhat like the Waganda. They have become so amalgamated with the lower Wanyoro that we can find nothing distinctive. The same may be said of the Wahaiyana. What the royal families of these tribes may be we can only imagine from having seen the rightful prince of Usongora in Ankori, who was as perfect a specimen of a pure Galla as could be found in Shoa. But you need not conclude from this that only the royal families possess fine features. These Ethiopic types are thickly spread among the Wahuma of these Central African uplands. Wherever we find a land that enjoys periods of peace, we find the Wahuma at home, with their herds, and in looking at them one might fancy himself transported into the midst of Abyssinia.

Ankori is a land which, because of its numbers and readiness to resistance, enjoys long terms of uninterrupted peace; and here the Wahuma are more numerous than elsewhere. The royal family are Wahuma, the chiefs and all the wealthier and more important people are pure Wahuma. Their only occupation, besides warring when necessary, is breeding and tending cattle. The agricultural class consists of slaves—at least such is the term by which they are designated. The majority of the Wahuma can boast of features quite as regular, fine, and delicate as Europeans.

The countries to the south of the Albert Edward are still unexplored, and we have not heard much respecting them; but what we have heard differs much from that which you find illustrated by that irregular sheet of water called Muta Nzige in the "Dark Continent" map.

Ruanda bears the name of Unyavingi to the people of Ukonju, Usongora, and Ankori, and is a large, compact country, lying between the Alexandra Nile and the Congo water-shed to the west, and reaching to within one day's

long march of the Albert Edward. It also overlaps a portion of the south-west side of that lake. The people are described as being very warlike, and that no country, not even Uganda, could equal it in numbers or strength. The late queen has been succeeded by her son, Kigeri, who now governs.

Since the commencement of our march homeward from our camp at Kavalli, we have undergone remarkable vicissitudes of climate. From the temperate and enjoyable climate of the region west of Lake Albert we descended to the hot-house atmosphere of the Semliki Valley—a nearly three thousand feet lower level. Night and day were equally oppressively warm and close, and one or two of us suffered greatly in consequence. The movement from the Semliki Valley to the plains north of Lake Albert brought us to a dry but a hot land; the ground was baked hard, the grass was scorched, the sun, but for the everlasting thick haze, would have been intolerable; in addition to which the water, except that from the Ruwenzori streams, was atrocious, and charged with nitre and organic corruption. The ascent to the eastern plateau was marked by an increase of cold and many an evil consequence—fevers, colds, catarrhs, dysenteries, and paralysis. Several times we ascended to over 6000 feet above the sea, to be punished with agues, which prostrated black and white by scores. In the early mornings, at this altitude, hoar-frost was common. Blackberries were common along the path in north-west Ankori, 5200 feet above the sea-level.

On entering Uzinja, south-west corner of Lake Victoria, the health of all began to improve, and fevers became less common.

I have jotted these few remarks down very hastily. Whether it is from lack of wholesome food or not, but I confess to feeling it an immense labor to sit down and write upon any subject. I do not agree with Shakespeare when he says:

“Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.”

In our case, and I speak for all our officers as well as myself, “dainty bits” just now would brighten up our wits, for we suspect that our wits have strongly sympathized with the bodies’ pains.

That you may know what the upper regions of Ruwenzori were like, I send you Lieutenant Stairs’s account of his ascent to a height of nearly 11,000 feet.

Yours obediently,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

LIEUTENANT STAIRS’S ACCOUNT OF HIS ASCENT OF RUWENZORI,
TO A HEIGHT OF 10,677 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

Expedition Camp, June 8, 1889.

To H. M. Stanley, Esq., Commanding Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

SIR,—I have the honor to present you with the following account of an attempt made by me to reach the snow-capped peaks of Ruwenzori.

Early on the morning of the 6th June, accompanied by some forty Zanzibaris, we made a start from the expedition’s camp at the foot-hills of the range, crossed the stream close to camp, and commenced the ascent of the mountain.

With me I had two aneroids, which together we had previously noted and compared with a standard aneroid remaining in camp under your immediate observation; also a Fahrenheit thermometer.

For the first 900 feet above camp the climbing was fairly good, and our progress was greatly aided by a native track which led up to some huts in the hills. These huts we found to be of the ordinary circular type so common on the plains, but with the difference that bamboo was largely used in their interior construction. Here we found the food of the natives to be maize, bananas, and colocasia roots. On

moving away from these huts we soon left behind us the long, rank grass, and entered a patch of low, scrubby bush, intermixed with bracken and thorns, making the journey more difficult.

At 8.30 A.M. we came upon some more huts of the same type, and found that the natives had decamped from them some days previously. Here the barometer read 23.58 and 22.85; the thermometer 75° F. On all sides of us we could see *Dracænas*, and here and there an occasional tree-fern and *Mwab* palm; and, tangled in all shapes on either side of the track, were masses of long bracken. The natives now appeared at different hill-tops and points near by, and did their best to frighten us back down the mountain by shouting and blowing horns. We, however, kept on our way up the slope, and in a short time they disappeared and gave us very little further trouble.

Of the forest plains, stretching far away below us, we could see nothing, owing to the thick haze that then obscured everything. We were thus prevented from seeing the hills to the west and north-west.

At 10.30 A.M., after some sharp climbing, we reached the last settlement of the natives, the cultivation consisting of beans and colocasias, but no bananas. Here the barometer read 22.36; thermometer 84° F. Beyond this settlement was a rough track leading up the spur to the forest; this we followed, but in many places to get along at all we had to crawl on our hands and knees, so steep were the slopes.

At 11 A.M. we reached this forest, and found it to be one of bamboos, at first open, and then getting denser as we ascended. We now noticed a complete and sudden change in the air from that we had just passed through. It became much cooler and more pure and refreshing, and all went along at a faster rate and with lighter hearts. Now that the *Zanzibaris* had come so far, they all appeared anxious to ascend as high as possible, and began to chaff each

other as to who should bring down the biggest load of the "white stuff" on the top of the mountain.

At 12.40 P.M. we emerged from the bamboos and sat down on a grassy spot to eat our lunch. Barometers 21.10 and $27.\frac{95}{120}$. Thermometer 70° F. Ahead of us, and rising in one even slope, stood a peak, in altitude 1200 feet higher than we were. This we now started to climb, and after going up it a short distance, came upon the tree-heaths. Some of these bushes must have been twenty feet high, and as we had to cut our way foot by foot through them, our progress was necessarily slow and very fatiguing to those ahead.

At 3.15 we halted among the heaths for a few moments to regain our breath. Here and there were patches of inferior bamboos, almost every stem having holes in it, made by some boring insect, and quite destroying its usefulness. Underfoot was a thick spongy carpet of wet moss, and the heaths on all sides of us, we noticed, were covered with "Old Man's Beard." We found great numbers of blue violets and lichens, and from this spot I brought away some specimens of plants for the Pasha to classify. A general feeling of cold dampness prevailed; in spite of our exertions in climbing, we all felt the cold mist very much. It is this continual mist clinging to the hill-tops that no doubt causes all the vegetation to be so heavily charged with moisture and makes the ground underfoot so wet and slippery.

Shortly after 4 P.M. we halted among some high heaths for camp. Breaking down the largest bushes, we made rough shelters for ourselves, collected what firewood we could find, and in other ways made ready for the night. Firewood, however, was scarce, owing to the wood being so wet that it would not burn. In consequence of this the lightly clad Zanzibaris felt the cold very much, though the altitude was only about 8500 feet. On turning in, the thermometer registered 60° F. From camp I got a view of the peaks ahead, and it was now that I began to fear we should

not be able to reach the snow. Ahead of us, lying directly in our path, were three enormous ravines; at the bottoms of at least two of these there was dense bush. Over these we should have to travel, and cut our way through the bush. It then would resolve itself into a question of time as to whether we could reach the summit or not. I determined to go on in the morning and see exactly what difficulties lay before us, and if these could be surmounted in a reasonable time to go on as far as we possibly could.

On the morning of the 7th, selecting some of the best men, and sending the others down the mountain, we started off again upward, the climbing being similar to that we experienced yesterday afternoon. The night had been bitterly cold, and some of the men complained of fever, but all were in good spirits, and quite ready to go on. About 10 A.M. we were stopped by the first of the ravines mentioned above. On looking at this I saw that it would take a long time to cross, and there were ahead of it still two others. We now got our first glimpse of a snow peak, distance about two and a half miles, and I judged it would take us still a day and a half to reach this, the nearest snow. To attempt it, therefore, would only end disastrously, unprovided as we were with food, and some better clothing for at least two of the men. I therefore decided to return, trusting all the time that at some future camp a better opportunity for making an ascent would present itself, and the summit be reached. Across this ravine was a bare, rocky peak, very clearly defined, and known to us as the south-west of the "Twin Cones." The upper part of this was devoid of vegetation, the steep beds of rock only allowing a few grasses and heaths in one or two spots to exist.

The greatest altitude reached by us, after being worked out and all corrections applied, was about 10,677 feet above the sea. The altitude of the snow peak above this would probably be about 6000 feet, making the mountain, say, 16,600

feet high. This, though, is not the highest peak in the Ruwenzori cluster. With the aid of a field-glass I could make out the form of the mountain-top perfectly. The extreme top of the peak is crowned with an irregular mass of jagged and precipitous rock, and has a distinct crater-like form. I could see, through a gap in the near side, a corresponding rim, or edge, on the farther, of the same formation and altitude. From this crown of rock the big peak slopes to the eastward at a slope of about 25° , until shut out from view by an intervening peak; but to the west the slope is much steeper. Of the snow, the greater mass lay on that slope directly nearest us, covering the slope wherever its inclination was not too great. The largest bed of snow would cover a space measuring about 600 by 300 feet, and of such depth that in only two spots did the black rock crop out above its surface. Smaller patches of snow extended well down into the ravine. The height, from the lowest snow to the summit of the peak, would be about 1200 or 1000 feet. To the E.N.E. our horizon was bounded by the spur which, starting directly behind our main camp and mounting abruptly, takes a curve in a horizontal plane and centres onto the snow peak. Again, that spur which lay south of us also radiated from the two highest peaks. This would seem to be the general form of the mountain, namely, that the large spurs radiate from the snow peaks as a centre, and spread out to the plains below. This formation on the west side of the mountain would cause the streams to flow from the centre, and flow on, gradually separating from each other, until they reach the plains below. There they turn to the W.N.W., or trace their courses along the bottom spurs of the range and run into the Semliki River, and on to the Albert Nyanza. Of the second snow peak which we have seen on former occasions I could see nothing, owing to the "Twin Cones" intervening. This peak is merely the termination, I should think, of the snowy range we saw

when at Kavalli's, and has a greater elevation, if so, than the peak we endeavored to ascend. Many things go to show that the existence of these peaks is due to volcanic causes. The greatest proof that this is so lies in the numbers of conical peaks clustering round the central mass on the western side. These minor cones have been formed by the central volcano getting blocked in its crater, owing to the pressure of its gases not being sufficient to throw out the rock and lava from its interior; and consequently the gases, seeking for weak spots, have burst through the earth's crust, and thus been the means of forming these minor cones that now exist. Of animal life on the mountain we saw almost nothing. That game of some sort exists is plain from the number of pitfalls we saw on the road-sides, and from the fact of our finding small nooses in the natives' huts such as those used for taking ground game. We heard the cries of an ape in a ravine, and saw several dull grayish-brown birds like stone-chats, but beyond these nothing.

We found blueberries and blackberries at an altitude of 10,000 feet and over, and I have been able to hand over to the Pasha some specimens for his collections, the generic names of which he has kindly given me, and which are attached below. That I could not manage to reach the snow and bring back some as evidence of our work I regret very much; but to have proceeded onward to the mountain under the conditions in which we were situated I felt would be worse than useless; and though all of us were keen and ready to go on, I gave the order to return. I then read off the large aneroid, and found the hand stood at 10.90. I set the index-pin directly opposite to the hand, and we started downhill. At 3 P.M. on the 7th I reached you, it having taken four and a half hours of marching from the "Twin Cones." I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. E. STAIRS, Lieut., R.E.

P.S.—The following are the generic names of the plants collected by me. Emin Pasha has kindly furnished them :

1. Clematis.	14. Sonchus.	27. Asplenium.
2. Viola.	15. Erica arborea.	28. Aspidium.
3. Hibiscus.	16. Landolphia.	29. Polypodium.
4. Impatiens.	17. Heliotropium.	30. Lycopodium.
5. Tephrosia.	18. Lantana.	31. Selaginella.
6. Elycina. (?)	19. Moschosma.	32. Marchantia.
7. Rubus.	20. Lissochilus.	33. Parmelia.
8. Vaccinium.	21. Luzula.	34. Dracæna.
9. Begonia.	22. Carex.	35. Usnea.
10. Peucedanum.	23. Anthistiria.	36. Tree-fern.
11. Gnaphalium.	24. Adiantum.	37. One fern.
12. Helichrysum.	25. Pellia.	38. One polypodium.
13. Senecio.	26. Pteris aquilina.	

} Unknown.

LETTER XIII.

GEOGRAPHICAL PROBLEMS.

[The following letter is addressed by Mr. Stanley to Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B., the celebrated African traveller.]

Villages of Batundu, Ituri River, Central Africa,
September 8, 1888.

MY DEAR GRANT,—I have only been able to write scrappy letters hitherto, though I start them with strong inclination to give our friends a complete story of our various marches and their incidents, but so far I have been compelled to hurriedly close them, lest I should miss the opportunity to send them. This one, for instance—I know not how to send this at present, but an accidental arrival of a caravan, or an accidental detention of the expedition, may furnish the means. I will trust to chance and write, nevertheless.

You more than any of the Committee are interested in Lake Albert. Let us deal with that first.

When, on December 13, 1887, we sighted the lake, the southern part lay at our feet almost, like an immense map. We glanced rapidly over the grosser details—the lofty plateau walls of Unyoro to the east, and that of Baregga to the west, rising nearly 3000 feet above the silver water, and between the walls stretched a plain—seemingly very flat—grassy, with here and there a dark clump of brushwood, which as the plain trended south-westerly became a thin forest. The south-west edge of the lake seemed to be not more than six miles away from where we stood—by observation the second journey I fixed it at nine miles direct south-easterly—from the place. This will make the terminus of the south-west corner at $1^{\circ} 17''$ N. lat. By prismatic compass the magnetic bearing of the south-east corner just south of Numba Falls was 137° ; this will make it about $1^{\circ} 11' 30''$ N. lat. A magnetic bearing of 148° taken from N. lat. $1^{\circ} 25' 30''$ about exactly describes the line of shore running from the south-west corner of the lake to the south-east corner of the Albert. Baker fixed his position at lat. N. $1^{\circ} 15'$ if I recollect rightly. The centre of Mbakovia Terrace bears $121^{\circ} 30'$ magnetic from my first point of observation; this will make his Vacovia about $1^{\circ} 15' 45''$, allowing 10° west variation.

In trying to solve the problem of the infinity of Lake Albert as sketched by Baker, and finding that the lake terminus is only four miles south of where he stood to view it, “from a little hill,” and on “a beautifully clear day,” one would almost feel justified in saying that he had never seen the lake. But his position of Vacovia proves that he actually was there, and the general correctness of his outline of the East Coast from Vacovia to Magungo also proves that he navigated the lake. When we turn our faces north-east, we say that Baker has done exceedingly well, but when we turn them southward, our senses in vain try to penetrate the mystery because our eyes see not what Baker saw.

When Gessi Pasha first sketched the lake after Baker, and reduced the immense lake to one about ninety miles long, my faith was in Baker, because Gessi could not resolve by astronomical observations the south end of the lake. When Mason Bey—an accomplished surveyor—in 1877 circumnavigated the lake and corroborated Gessi, then I thought that perhaps Mason had met a grassy barrier or sand-bank overgrown with sedge and ambatch, and had not reached the true beyond, because he admitted that he could not see very far from the deck of his steamer; my faith still rested in Baker; but now, with Lieutenant Stairs, of the Royal Engineers, Mr. Mounteney Jephson, Surgeon Parke, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, I have looked with my own eyes upon the scene, and find that Baker has made an error. I am somewhat surprised, also, at Baker's altitudes of Lake Albert, and the "Blue Mountains," and at the breadth attributed by him to the lake. The shore opposite Vacovia is $10\frac{1}{4}$ miles distant, not 40 or 50 miles; the "Blue Mountains" are nothing else but the west upland—the highest cone or hill being not above 6000 feet above the level of the sea—not 7000 feet or 8000 feet high. The altitude of Lake Albert by aneroid and boiling-point will not exceed 2350 feet—not 2720 feet.

And last of all, away to the south-west, where he has sketched his "infinite" stretch of lake, there rises, about forty miles from Vacovia, an immense snowy mountain, a solid square-browed mass with an almost level summit between two lofty ridges. If it were "a beautifully clear day" he should have seen this, being nearer to it by thirteen geographical miles than I was.

Apropos of the error of Baker, Emin Pasha related to me a curious scene, of which I believe he was a witness, between Gordon and one of his staff-officers who had been despatched on a mission to Uganda, and who on returning reported that he had discovered a large lake between Lake Albert and

Lake Victoria called the Gita Nzigé, or Lake Ibrahim, and that he had also a new survey of Lake Victoria.

"Well, sir, have you seen the Victoria Nyanza?" asked Gordon, looking up from a letter he was writing.

"Yes, sir, I have."

"What would you estimate its breadth at?"

"About five miles, I should say, sir."

"Five miles! Are you not a little out there?"

"Well, say about seven."

"Only seven. Surely, sir, you must be still out. Are you not?"

"Say about ten, then."

"Oh," said Gordon, smiling, "but you must be a little out still, I should say," etc.

"Well, say fifteen, then. I protest against adding another mile."

"But tell me," said Gordon, "could you see a man across with the naked eye or a field-glass?"

"Most distinctly."

"What! from the water's edge?"

"Not exactly from the water's edge, but from a few feet above the water-level."

"It is strange, most strange, not only that the Victoria Nyanza is only fifteen miles wide—I believe you said fifteen miles, sir?"

"Yes, sir, fifteen miles at the farthest."

—"but that a man could be seen fifteen miles off with a field-glass. Thank you, sir, for your very interesting report."

I am told that at an interview with the cartographer of the general staff he was most anxious that Lake Ibrahim should have certain prominence by expansion of the outlines, as it was a new discovery. The pliant and friendly cartographer traced out along the line of the Victoria Nile a respectable lake about thirty miles by ten. "Oh, that will never do," cried the discoverer. "What! Lake Ibrahim,

Gita Nzigé, must at least be a hundred miles long by fifty miles wide at least."

"Yet," said Emin Pasha, "both Gordon and I saw this lake, and we know it to be only an expansion of the Victoria Nile, similar to that lying between Wadelai and the Albert, or like that of the Upper Congo and Stanley Pool. In consequence it has many shallow channels separated by islets and glistening white sand-bars."

About the lake discovered by me in 1876 I can learn very little from the natives. At Chief Kavalli's I saw two natives who came from that region. One of them hailed from Unyampaka and the other from Usongora. The first said that the Albert lake is much larger than that near Unyampaka. The other said that the Southern Lake is the largest, as it takes two days to cross it. He describes it as being a month's march from Kavalli's. Their accounts differ so much that one is almost tempted to believe that there are two lakes—a smaller one near Unyampaka and connected by a river or channel with that of Usongora.

My interest is greatly excited, as you may imagine, by the discovery of Ruwenzori—the Snowy Mountain—a possible rival of Kilimanjaro. Remember that we are in north latitude, and that this mountain must be near or on the equator itself, that it is summer now, and that we saw it in the latter part of May, that the snow-line was about (estimate only) 1000 feet below the summit. Hence I conclude that it is not Mount Gordon Bennett, seen in December, 1876 (though it may be so), which the natives said had only snow occasionally. At the time I saw the latter there was no snow visible. It is a little farther east, according to the position I gave it, than Ruwenzori.

All the questions which this mountain naturally gives rise to will be settled, I hope, by this expedition before it returns to the sea. If at all near my line of march, its length, height, and local history will be ascertained. My

young officers will like to climb to the summit, and I shall be glad to furnish them with every assistance. They will perhaps be able to bring me a bucketful of snow to cool my "sherbet." Many rivers will be found to issue from this curious land between the two Muta Nzigés. What rivers are they? Do they belong to the Nile or the Congo? There is no river going east or south-east from this section, except the Katonga and Kafur, and both must receive, if any, but a very small supply from Gordon Bennett and Ruwenzori. The new mountain must therefore be drained principally south and west. If south, the streams have connection with the lake south; if west, the Semliki tributary of Lake Albert and some river flowing to the Congo must receive the rest of its waters. Then if the lake south receives any considerable supply the interest deepens. Does the lake discharge its surplus to the Nile or to the Congo? If to the former, then it will be of great interest to you, and you will have to admit that Lake Victoria is not the main source of the Nile; if to the Congo, then the lake will be the source of the river Lowwa, or Loa, since it is the largest tributary to the Congo from the east between the Aruwimi and the Luama. For your comfort, I will dare venture the opinion even now, that the lake is the source of the Lowwa, though I know nothing positive of the matter. But I infer it, from the bold manner in which the Aruwimi trenches upon a domain that any one would have imagined belonged to the Nile. It was only ten minutes' march between the head of one of its streams to the crest of the plateau whence we looked down upon the Albert Nyanza.

From the mouth of the Aruwimi to the head of this stream is 390 geographical miles in a straight line. Well, next to the Aruwimi in size is the Lowwa River, and from the mouth of the Lowwa to the longitude of Ugampaka post in a direct line is only 240 geographical miles.

Emin Pasha, though living in comfort so far as provisions

could supply his wants, was in a much worse position than I believed he was when I set out from England. Kabba Rega had been friendly with him up to December, 1887, but the news spread through Uganda, and thence to Unyoro, that there was a large expedition advancing to help Emin. Then Kabba Rega immediately expelled Captain Casati with every mark of indignity. He was bound to a tree, stripped naked, and finally sent adrift to perish. Fortunately, after a few days of extreme misery and want, he was found and rescued by Emin Pasha, who, in his steamer, searched the north-eastern shore for him. This was a terrible reverse to Casati, who was robbed of all his clothes, journals, and memoirs. We also lost a packet of letters that had been sent by the missionaries of Uganda for our expedition.

As Kabba Rega has about 1500 guns, mostly rifles, he is not so despicable an opponent as he was in the time of Baker. These African kings settled in their own country have time in their favor. In time everything comes to those who can wait. Kabba Rega, of course, could wait without impatience, and everything belonging to Emin Pasha and his force would revert to him, failing any decisive movement of retreat on the part of Emin before it was too late. The northern road *via* the Nile was blocked, though many of his soldiers have fondly hoped up to this day for relief from that quarter. To the south are the warlike tribes whom we will have to meet going to sea, and Emin Pasha's people had no idea of venturing in that direction, because they would not believe that Emin knew the road, and they had not seen a living man appear from there to give them the news of such a road. To the west and south-west were numerous peoples who knew how to fight, who were as yet unwhipped out of their native arrogance, and consequently had an immense faith in their native valor. Their strength and fighting powers were left for us to test, and for a short time it really seemed as if we had been too confident. Day

after day they leaped and bounded to the struggle, which, however, always ended disastrously for them. Even if they were gathered *en masse*, these natives could never have held their own against Emin Pasha's force, provided his people were unanimously loyal and determined to co-operate with him. Unfortunately the force is not to be relied on for such a work. If the Nubians doubted that Emin Pasha could lead them south to Zanzibar they would doubt that he could lead them anywhere, especially to the wilds of the west, about which no man knew anything. The Nubians were willing to go north by the Nile, and to let Emin Pasha lead them, but on arriving near Khartoum they would tell him they knew the road themselves, and did not need him. This was their idea, and it is principally the reason why the Pasha seemed to be hemmed in so rigorously.

The loyalty of the Pasha to his men becomes apparent, though they have been disloyal to him. He could not cast them off because it would be their ruin, neither could he venture away from them alone.

One of his officers, Shukr Aga, constantly loyal to him, related to me a story which, when repeated by me to Emin Pasha, was confirmed by him. The Pasha would never have told it himself.

A few months ago 190 rifles of the 1st battalion set out for Wadelai, where Emin Pasha resided, with the intention of capturing him and compelling him to remain with them, as a rumor current that an expedition was advancing from the south and west had become confused in their minds with the intended flight of their general. Convinced that their safe departure out of the region where they had seen so much trouble lay in the Pasha's presence and leadership, they had conceived the idea of arresting him and taking him with them to Dufflé; for, said they, "We know of only one road, and that leads down the Nile by Khartoum." The Pasha, suddenly informed of their intention of capturing

him, cried out: "Well, let them kill me. I am not afraid of death. Let them come, I will await them." But the officers of the 2d battalion implored him in urgent terms to make his escape, arguing that the violent capture of their Pasha would put an end to all government, and that it was but the first step to the total subversion of discipline. For some time he refused to listen to them, but finally escaped to Mswa (about forty-five miles from our camp at Nsabé). Soon after his departure the detachment of the 1st battalion came up, and, after surrounding the station, summoned the Pasha to come out and surrender himself to them. They were informed that the Pasha had gone south in his steamer, upon which the malcontents advanced and seized the commandant and officers, and flogged them severely with the kourbash. Some of them they carried away with them to Dufflé.

Commenting upon this, the Pasha said: "All the members of the 1st battalion stationed north of Wadelai have been opposed to making a retreat, and any suggestion to leave their watch-post at Dufflé has only provoked indignation and scepticism. But now, as you have come, and many of our people saw you while in Uganda with Linant Bey (1876), and know you personally, and many more have heard of your name, all of them will be convinced that there is another road to Egypt, and that you, having found them, can take them out of the country. They will see your officers, they will see your Soudanese, they will listen respectfully to any message you may send them and gladly obey. That is my opinion, though nobody knows what the sentiments of the 1st battalion are, because there has not been time to hear them so far."

Shukri Aga, the commandant of Mswa Station, on Lake Albert, is a brave, intelligent officer, an ex-slave promoted to his present rank for distinguished service against Karamalla, the agent of the Mahdi, where he was wounded three times.

Between our line of route to Kavalli and a line drawn west from Mswa Station lies a section unvisited by any European. The people are devoted to Kabba Rega, and, therefore, hostile to our expedition and to Emin Pasha, and they have had orders to do their best to molest us. Those lying near our route to the south are hostile to Kabba Rega, and opposed to us all equally, but the lessons taught them by us in piercing through their country on our first visit have inspired in them a wholesome respect for us. My idea has been all along to fight as little as possible, but, when compelled to do so, to set about the job as efficiently as possible, so that then there will remain no doubt in native minds what we propose doing when we tell them. By this policy we have won a large section in our favor—at least have compelled them to pay ready obedience. In returning from the Nyanza the second time we mustered 1500 natives and led them to the plain of Usiri north of our route. It was simply a long walk for us, but it has been enough. Before we left, messengers came from them saying that the chiefs desired to enter our new confederation. Now, if it is necessary to teach Kabba Rega something that he has not yet learned, that there are people in this world other than those who have been content to pour their bounties into his lap, to be accepted or not to be accepted at his own good-will and pleasure, it is likely he may force me to attempt it. I hope to have the means behind me with those natives whom we have brought round to our view of things. There will be at least 5000 of them, and with Emin Pasha's force and my own Zanzibaris, inured to savage forest life during these last fifteen months, it will not be difficult. For you must remember that if I travel south, to lead the Pasha's army and followers out of this country, we must spend a month in lands subject to Kabba Rega, and another month through lands governed by his allies. You must surely know what this means. I have not the rich cloths requisite to fill the

rapacious maw of Kabba Rega, but I shall have bullets enough, and more than enough, for his need. Then if Emin Pasha does not accompany me with his troops, it will be still more obligatory on me to be prepared for the worst that may happen, because to travel peacefully I should have to go to him to obtain his sanction to travel through his country, and that is impossible. Hence you may see that though we have surmounted a great deal already, the crisis will appear when we part from Emin Pasha, or leave the coast of the Albert Nyanza in the company of Emin Pasha. Whether we go south to the Muta Nzigé or coast the northern and eastern flank of Unyoro, it will be all the same. From the reports of Emin, who lost 270 men in the Ukedi country, Kabba Rega dominates everywhere.

By-the-bye, Emin Pasha said it was very lucky I did not approach him from the east by way of the Masai and Ukedi, or Langgo, as he calls it. The Langgo land is a great waterless desert for the most part. Even if we had been able to pierce through the Wakedi, it is doubtful if the want of food and water had not annihilated the expedition. He has a strong objection to return by that waterless route to the sea.

Now that we know the Ituri so well, I feel convinced that we could not have chosen a better route. We lost a great number of men in going to Nyanza the first time, but the return was accomplished with the loss of three only, and we performed the journey in eighty-two days, inclusive of all halts. I hope to go to the Nyanza again as rapidly as we returned from there, with just as few losses. The men are heartened now, knowing all about the road, and knowing that they are going to Zanzibar. The Ituri River helps us half-way. All our loads are carried in canoes. In forty-five days afterwards we shall be on the Albert Nyanza. I told Emin Pasha I should be back with him about the middle of December, 1888. I have three months before me

yet—an ample time unless I am delayed by some unforeseen obstacle.

Yours very sincerely,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

To Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B.

LETTER XIV.

FROM EMIN PASHA TO THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

Mslala, *August 23, 1889.*

SIR,—Having reached, under the escort of Mr. Stanley's expedition, to-day this place, I cannot but hasten to write just two words to tell you how deeply we all appreciate the generous help you have sent us. When, in the stress of adversity, I first ventured to make an appeal to the world asking assistance for my people, I was well aware of such an appeal not passing unheard, but I never once fancied the possibility of such kindness as you and the subscribers of the Relief Fund have shown us.

It would be impossible to tell you what has happened here after Mr. Stanley's first start; his graphic pen will tell you everything much better than I could. I hope, also, the Egyptian Government permitting it, some future day to be allowed to present myself before you, and to express to you then the feelings of gratitude my pen would be short in expressing in a personal interview.

Until such happy moments come, I beg to ask you to transmit to all subscribers of the fund the sincerest thanks of a handful of forlorn people, who, through your instrumentality have been saved from destruction, and now hope to embrace their relatives.

To speak here of Mr. Stanley's and his officers' merits

would be inadequate. If I live to return I shall make my acknowledgments.

I am, sir, with many and many thanks,

Yours very obliged,

DR. EMIN.

W. Mackinnon, Esq., Chairman of Committee of the
Relief Expedition Fund.

LETTER XV.

THE TROUBLES WITH THE REAR COLUMN.

C.M.S. Station at Mslala, South End of Lake Victoria,
East Central Africa, *August* 31, 1889.

MY DEAR DE WINTON,—We arrived here on the 28th inst., and found the modern Livingstone, Mr. A. M. Mackay, safely and comfortably established at this mission station. I had always admired Mackay. He had never joined the missionaries' attacks on me, and every fact I had heard about him indicated that I should find him an able and reliable man. When I saw him, and some of his work about here, then I recognized the man I had pleaded in the name of Mtesa should be sent to him in 1875; the very type of man I had described as necessary to confirm Mtesa in his growing love for the white man's creed.

A packet of newspaper cuttings was given to me on arrival; the contents of most of them have perfectly bewildered me. I am struck with two things, viz., the lack of common-sense exhibited by the writers, and the utter disregard of accuracy shown. Not one seems to have considered my own letters to the Committee, or my speech at the Mackinnon dinner before starting, as worthy of regard. They do not care for the creed that I have always professed, the one great article of faith of the working portion of my life, "Never make a promise unless you mean to keep it"; and my second article of faith, which ought to have been as gen-

erally known, if words and corresponding actions may be judged, "Obey orders, if you break owners" (see my work on the Congo and its Free State). "All I prayed for," said I, at the Mackinnon dinner speech, "is that the same impelling power which has hitherto guided and driven me in Africa would accompany me in my journey for relieving Gordon's faithful lieutenant."

Now, in this White Pasha affair, tell me why should I budge one foot to right or left from the straight line described to you in my letters. "Kavalli's, on the Albert Nyanza, almost due east from Yambuya—that is the objective point, natural obstacles permitting." I have never yet departed from the principle of fulfilling my promise to the letter where there is a responsibility attached to it. Have people at any time discovered any crankiness in me? Then why should they suppose that I who expressed my view that Gordon disobeyed orders—Gordon's wilfulness, you remember the phrase in the Mansion House Speech—would be ten times more disobedient and a thousand times more disloyal, deserving of such charges as "breach of faith," "dishonesty," "dissimulation," by going in the direction of Bahr Gazelle and Khartoum? I should not have gone were it to win an imperial crown, unless it had been an article in the verbal bond between the Committee and myself. The object of the expedition, as I understood it, was simply the relief of Emin Pasha, so far as the Committee were concerned in the undertaking; but the Egyptian Government added, "and the escort of Emin Pasha and his people to the sea, should Emin Pasha require it."

Now, in the Emin Pasha affair, the latest Blue-book which Lord Iddesleigh furnished me with contained many expressions through Emin Pasha's letters, which seemed to prove that he had faithfully maintained his post until he could learn from his Government what its intentions were, and that he had force enough with him to depart in almost any

direction towards the sea, if such was the Government's wish; by the Congo, by Monbuttu, or *via* Langgo Land, and Masai were alike to him. But on November 2, 1887, forty-two days before I reached the Albert Nyanza, he writes to his friend, Dr. Felkin, "Don't have any doubt about my intentions. I do not want a rescue expedition. Have no fears about me. I have long made up my mind to stay."

All this is very unsatisfactory and inexplicable; he also said that he had sent searching parties in the direction I was supposed to come. On December 15th, 16th, 17th, I made inquiries of the people at the south end of Lake Albert, and they had seen no steamer or strange boat since Mason Bey's visit in 1877. Consequently this absence of news of him cost us a 300-mile journey, to obtain our boat and carry her to the Nyanza. With this boat we found him within three days. Finally he steamed up to our camp, but instead of meeting with one who had long ago made up his mind, Emin Pasha had not begun to make up his mind either to stay or go away with us. He would first have to consult his people, scattered among fifteen stations over a large extent of country. I foresaw a long stay, but to avoid that and to give the Pasha ample time to consider his answer and learn the wishes of his people, I resolved to go back even to Yambuya to ascertain the fate of the rear column of our expedition under Major Barttelot. This diffidence on the part of the Pasha cost me another rough march of 1300 miles. When I returned to the Nyanza after eight months' absence, it was only to find that Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson, one of our officers who stayed with him as a witness, had been made prisoners four months previous to this third arrival of ours on the Nyanza, and that the invasion of the Pasha's province by the Mahdists had utterly upset everything.

When Mr. Jephson, according to command, detached himself from the Pasha and came to me, I learned then for the first time that the Pasha had had no province, government,

nor soldiers for nearly five years; that he was living undisturbed, and that some yielded sometimes to his wishes, apparently through mere sufferance and lack of legitimate excuse to cast him off utterly. But when he permitted himself by a gust of awakened optimism to venture into the presence of his soldiers, he was at once arrested, insulted, menaced, and imprisoned.

In re Major Barttelot and Tippu Tib, I have seen more nonsense on this subject than on any other.

You remember the promise I made "to do as much good as I could do, but as little mischief as possible." Let us see how this applied to the engagement with Tippu Tib. This man had grown rich through his raids, which had been the boldest and best rewarded with booty of any ever made. That error of judgment which led Captain Deane to defy the Arabs for the sake of a lying woman who had fled from her master to avoid punishment, had irritated all the Arabs at the Stanley Falls, and especially Tippu Tib and all his relatives, friends, subjects, and armed slaves. Tippu Tib was resolved to retaliate on the Congo Free State; he was at Zanzibar collecting material for the most important raid of all, that is, down the Upper Congo. Who could have stopped his descent before he reached Stanley Pool? Who knew the means of the State for defence better than I did? Therefore it was a fearful desolating war, or a compromise and a peace while good faith was kept. If both parties are honest, peace will continue indefinitely. To secure Tippu Tib's honesty, a salary of £30 per month is given to him. For this trifling consideration thousands of lives are saved, and their properties are secured to them. The Congo State is permitted to consolidate until it is readier with offensive means than at that time.

Thank God I have long left that immature age when one becomes a victim to every crafty rogue he meets. I am not a gushing youth, and we may assume that Tippu Tib's

prime age was yet from dotage. We both did as much as possible to gain advantage. I was satisfied with what I obtained, and Tippu Tib obtained what money he wanted. At the time he agreed, he was sincere in his intentions. You remember your Scripture, I dare say, and you remember the words: "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine that need no repentance." Who had been a greater sinner than Tippu Tib, at least in our estimation? But he could not sin down the Congo, for pecuniary as well as for more powerful reasons, which cannot be mentioned lest other crafty rogues take advantage of the disclosures.

After disposing of Tippu Tib, "the pirate, the freebooter, buccaneer, and famous raider," I must say a word about poor Barttelot. He was a major in the British army. His very manner indicated him to be of a frank, gallant, daring, and perhaps somewhat dangerous nature if aroused. His friends who introduced him to me in London spoke of him in some such terms. They named the campaigns he had been in, and what personal services he had performed. As I looked at the major's face I read courage, frankness, combativeness in large quantity, and I said to these friends, courage and boldness are common characteristics among British officers, but of the most valuable quality for an expedition like this I have not heard anything; I hope you can add "forbearance."

The only quality perhaps in which he was deficient was that of forbearance, though I promised myself that he should have little chance to exercise combativeness. Yet you must not think that this was a defect in him. It was merely the result of high spirits, youth, and a good constitution. He was just pining for work. I promised him he should have so much of it he would plead for rest. But unfortunately want of sufficient vessels to float the expedition at one time on the Upper Congo compelled me to leave about one-

half of my stores in charge of Mr. Troup at Stanley Pool, and 126 men under Messrs. Ward and Bonny at Bolobo, and as the major was senior officer, and Mr. Jamieson was an African traveller of experience, after due consideration it was conclusive that no other two men could be fitter for the post of guarding the camp at Yambuya. With me for the advance column were Lieutenant Stairs, R.E., very intelligent and able, Captain Nelson, of the Colonial Forces, Mounteney Jephson, a civilian, to whom work was as much a vital necessity as bread, and Surgeon T. H. Parke, of the A.M.D., a brilliant operator and physician. All were equally ignorant of the Kiswahili, the language of the Zanzibaris, as Major Barttelot and Mr. Jamieson. The only two who knew the language were Messrs. Ward and Troup, and they were not due at Yambuya until the middle of August. Would it have been wise to have placed either Stairs, Nelson, or Jephson, instead of Major Barttelot, the senior officer, and Mr. Jamieson, in command of Yambuya? I feel sure you will agree with me I made the best choice possible.

When young officers, English, German, or Belgian, come to Africa, for many months there is no abatement of that thirst for action, that promptitude for work, that impatience to be moving, which characterizes them at home. Anæmia has not sapped the energies and thinned the blood. They are more combative at this period than any other. If any quarrels or squabbles arise it is at this time.

I had to interfere twice between fire-eating young Arabs and strong, plucky young Englishmen, who were unable to discern the dark-faced young Arab from the "nigger," before we reached Yambuya. Well, it just happened that the major, forgetting my instructions as to forbearance, met these Arab fire-eaters, and the consequence was that the major had to employ the Syrian Assad Ferran to interpret for him. Whether the man interpreted falsely I know not, but a coolness arose between the high-spirited nephew of

Tippu Tib and the equally high-spirited young major which was never satisfactorily healed up, and which in the long-run led to the ever-to-be-regretted death of poor Barttelot.

In the written instructions to Major Barttelot, June 24th, Yambuya Stockaded Camp, paragraph 3 reads as follows:

"It is the non-arrival of the goods from Stanley Pool and the men from Bolobo which compel me to appoint you commander of this post. But as I shall shortly expect the arrival of a strong reinforcement of men (Tippu Tib's people) greatly exceeding the advance force—which must at all hazards proceed and push on to the rescue of Emin Pasha—I hope you will not be detained longer than a few days after the departure of the *Stanley* on her final return to Stanley Pool in August (say August 18, 1887, as the steamer did arrive in time, August 14th).

Paragraph 5. "The interests now intrusted to you are of vital importance to this expedition. All the men (Zanzibaris) who shortly will be under your command will consist of more than a third of the expedition. The goods are needed for currency through the regions beyond the lakes. The loss of these men and goods would be certain ruin to us, and the advance force itself would need to solicit relief in its turn."

Paragraph 6. "Our course from here will be true east, or by magnetic compass, E. by S. The paths may not exactly lead in that direction at times, but it is the S.W. corner of Lake Albert near or at Kavalli that is our destination. . . . Our after-conduct must be guided by what we shall learn of the intentions of Emin Pasha."

Paragraph 7. "We shall endeavor by blazing trees and cutting saplings to leave sufficient traces of the route taken by us."

Paragraph 8. "It may happen should Tippu Tib send the full complement of men promised (600 men), and if the 126 men have arrived by the *Stanley*, that you will feel competent to march your column along the route pursued by me.

In that event, which would be most desirable, we should meet before many days. You will find our bomas, or zeri-bas, very good guides."

Paragraph 9. "It may happen also that Tippu Tib has sent some men, but he has not sent enough. In that event you will of course use your discretion as to what goods you can dispense with to enable you to march."

(List of classes of goods, according to their importance, here given, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the highest numbers to be first thrown away.)

"If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make double marches than throw too many things away—if you prefer marching (moving on) to staying for our arrival."

These were supplemented by verbal explanations giving permission to march the very next day after the contingent from Bolobo had arrived—if he could prepare his goods in time—urgently impressing him not to place any stress on the promises of Tippu Tib, if he failed to make an appearance within a reasonable time of the promised date. His carriers were not absolutely necessary, but they would serve to keep our men fresh for other journeys. If Tippu Tib came, why, well and good; if he did not come, then be indifferent; adapt your goods to your carriers, and march on after us. The sooner you can march, the sooner we will meet. If Tippu Tib broke his written agreement made with me before the Consul, his promises to you would be still more unreliable. You last saw him, he promised to come within nine days; that date will be over the day after to-morrow. If he comes any time before the arrival of the *Stanley*, all will be well; but if he does not come by that time, it will prove that the man never intended to come. Don't bother your mind about him, but come along with what you can—ammunition, beads, and cloth, private luggage, and European provisions. If you make double marches of four or six miles a day, you will do very well, etc.

The major rose up in his frank, impetuous manner, and said: "By George, that's the style! I will stop very few days indeed after the people from Bolobo come up. I wouldn't stop longer for anything."

Unfortunately, tantalizing delays, accompanied by constant fair promises on the part of the Arabs, prevented the forward movement; with what unfortunate results to the expedition and to the rear column is too well known to be again referred to here.

In re atrocities on the Congo, I do not know who made the horrible statement that I have seen connected with the names of Major Barttelot and Jamieson. It is simply inconceivable nonsense—a sensational *canard*. The Rev. Wilmot Brooke has written a letter to the *Times* about "atrocities on the Aruwimi." There is one part of a sentence which reads as follows: "Eye-witnesses, both English and Arab, have assured me that it is a common thing, which they themselves have seen on passing through the Manyuema camp, to see human hands and feet sticking out of their cooking-pots."

The question I should like to ask here is, "Who are those English who have seen this curious sight—hands and feet sticking out of cooking-pots?" Mr. Wilmot Brooke is an independent missionary seeking for a nest. It must be that there is something of an "untraveller" look about him for him to have been chosen as the recipient of this interesting *Police Gazette* item. I would not mind guaranteeing that "those English" are as undiscoverable as Prester John's traditional crown. I have had 150 so-called Manyuema, or rather Wasongora and Wakusu slaves of Manyuema headmen, with me—Tippu Tib's people—some twelve months now, and not one Englishman has seen anything of the kind.

Is Mr. Wilmot Brooke, or is it Assad Ferran, the author of that tale that an execution of a woman was delayed by Jamieson or Barttelot that a photographer might make ready his apparatus? Would it surprise you to know that there

was no photograph apparatus of even the smallest kind within 500 miles of Stanley Falls, or the camp at Yambuya, north, south, east, or west at that time, or at any time near that date?

The tale is sometimes varied that it was not a photograph but a sketch that some one wished to make. Was this Jamieson or Ward?—for both are, or were, clever with the pencil. But why should a pencil artist wish to delay the execution; could he make an instantaneous sketch? Might he not at any time have made a sketch of a weapon uplifted to strike—the position of the victim and slayer. Melton Prior is one of the quickest artists I ever knew, but even he would think it impossible to sketch the lightning stroke of a sabre.

But I might go on at this rate forever with the “infinite—finite” nonsense I find in print in these scraps. Major Barttelot did punish men twice with severity; but, singular as it may seem, the white person who accused him was present on both occasions during the flogging scene; he never even protested. The second time he gave his verdict at a fair trial “death,” and signed the document consigning him to instant doom.

I have had to execute four men during our expedition; twice for stealing rifles, cartridges, and broken loads of ammunition; one of the Pasha's people for conspiracy, theft, and decoying about thirty women belonging to the Egyptians, besides for seditious plots—court-martialled by all officers and sentenced to be hung; a Soudanese soldier, the last, who deliberately proceeded to a friendly tribe and began shooting at the natives. One man was shot dead instantly, and another was seriously wounded. The chiefs came and demanded justice, the people were mustered, the murderer and his companions were identified, the identification by his companions confirmed, and the murderer was delivered to them according to the law “blood for blood.”

Yours very faithfully,

HENRY M. STANLEY.



HENRY M. STANLEY.

APPENDIX.

AFRICA'S CORTEZ.

GOING into the London office of the *New York Herald* on my return from Central Asia in 1873, I found there a small, wiry, sunburnt, keen-eyed man, who was introduced to me as "Mr. Stanley." All England was then ringing with that name, and every one was reading the stirring tale of the author's eight months' march inland from Zanzibar through the perilous and almost unknown region east of the great lakes, till he stood face to face on the shore of Lake Tanganyika with the great pioneer whose work he was destined to complete.

Then, of course, the rabid curiosity that cannot be happy till it knows what kind of boots a hero wears, and how much sugar he puts in his tea, fastened like a leech upon the new popular lion. Insatiable gossips ferreted out the date of his birth (1840) in a quiet little Welsh cottage near Denbigh, and discovered that he had passed ten of his first thirteen years of life in the poor-house of St. Asaph, had been a pupil-teacher for a twelvemonth at Mold, in Flintshire, had gone to sea in his sixteenth year as cabin-boy of a trading vessel bound for New Orleans, and had been adopted by a merchant of that place named Henry Stanley, who replaced the boy's real name of "John Rowlands" with that which was soon to echo throughout the whole world.

"Adventures are to the adventurous," said Lord Beaconsfield; and Stanley's American life amply verified the pithy saying. By turns a Confederate soldier, a prisoner of war, a petty officer on a Northern gunboat, an amateur correspondent, penning with characteristic coolness the details of a sea-fight while the shot rattled around him like hail, he received from the stern period between 1861 and 1865 a fit training for the mighty work beyond. Even *then* the latter was taking shape in his daring soul, and the Russian officers who met him during his Eastern travels in 1865-66 told me, years later, with a glow of honest admiration on their hard faces, how he used

to say to them, with the energy of one who meant what he said, "I'll see the heart of Africa yet before I die, and do something there that shall be remembered."

That prophecy was soon to be fulfilled. The Abyssinian campaign of Magdala, which he witnessed as the *New York Herald* correspondent with General Napier's army, gave to the future Cortez of Central Africa his first experience of life in the tropical wilds—an experience that bore ample fruit three years later, when he fought his way through the deadly interior of south-eastern Africa to seek the lost Livingstone, whom many had long since given up as dead. It was then that the prompt energy and wonderful power of organization which characterized the man showed themselves in their true proportions. While two relieving expeditions were making slow and elaborate preparations, Stanley darted in and did the work before their very eyes, with means which most men would have thought wholly inadequate. "When the news first came, sir, that you'd found Livingstone," said his trusty English lieutenant, years later, during the dreadful voyage down the Congo, "I was one of them that didn't believe a word of it; but now that I've seen you at work, I believe you could go anywhere and do anything."

Such a man could never be long at rest, and the winter of 1873 saw him on the wing once more, to join Sir Garnet Wolseley's march to Coomassie through the West African kingdom of Ashantee. This campaign—the experiences of which, together with those of his Abyssinian journey, were published not long after in a small volume entitled "Coomassie and Magdala"—must have been of priceless value in preparing him for the mighty enterprise that carried him across the whole breadth of Africa a few years later. In Abyssinia he traversed stony uplands and bare treeless hills; in Ashantee he met with his first foretaste of that long and terrible struggle through the dense, bristling mass, and hot, stifling vapor-bath atmosphere of the great equatorial forest, which was to be the crowning achievement of his life. During the whole march to Coomassie the invaders were literally shouldering their way through a giant hedge of rank, spiky, poisonous vegetation, reeking with deadly vapors and swarming with unseen enemies. "The crowding trees and coiling creepers" (I quote Stanley's own emphatic words) "almost shut out the

light of day, and we marched in a cheerless twilight. Everything here seemed to be weeping; the huge broad leaves kept shedding great drops of water, turning the ground below into a thick paste of mud, in which we sank over ankles at every step, glad to gain even a few feet at a time, though only to halt again directly, and stand shivering in one of these puddles for an hour or more, till some obstruction in front was removed." The Ashantee march was the Congo expedition carved in a cameo.

And now the curtain began to rise upon a drama such as the world had never seen since the great Spanish filibuster hewed his way through Mexico in the sixteenth century. The autumn of 1874 found Stanley once more at Zanzibar, with his face again turned westward towards the "lake country" which had been the scene of his first exploit. All that nature or man could do to arrest his progress—fever, famine, treachery, desertion, adverse weather, the cowardice of his followers, and the obstinate ferocity of his enemies—only roused his indomitable spirit to stronger efforts, till at last (after many a hair-breadth escape and many a desperate battle, and the loss of one of the two gallant English brothers who were the only white men among his one hundred and fifty comrades) he succeeded in filling up the gaps left in the previous surveys of Burton, Speke, and Baker, by determining the position and boundaries of the four great equatorial lakes, viz., the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas, Muta Nzige, and Tanganyika.

To almost any other man such an achievement would have seemed enough for one journey; but to Stanley's untiring energy nothing seemed to have been done while anything remained to do. The great work which brave old Livingstone had died to accomplish was still unfinished, and his daring successor resolved to complete it by the exploration of the mysterious "Lualaba River," which Stanley had already in his secret heart identified with the Congo. On he went, in defiance of all obstacles, till at length, after a weary struggle of many days through swamp and jungle, he came out upon the bank of the unknown stream, and the dreadful journey began.

For untravelled readers it is always hard to estimate the magnitude of such a task, for the simple reason that no one who has not himself faced the horrors of a prolonged struggle through Central Africa or Central Asia can have the faintest

idea of what they really are. What a march through tropical forests really means is a life which is one long death—weariness days and nights of sleepless pain and fever—a rage of gnawing hunger that seems to tear out your very vitals, and a burning, frantic thirst which a whole river could not quench. Day after day you toil through the frightful, unending cobweb of the pathless forest, hacking your way amid the gloomy twilight of the giant trees through a black snaky tangle of matted boughs and tough, wiry creepers and huge dagger-like thorns, while the damp, foul, steaming vapor makes your head sick and your limbs faint, and you feel your strength failing hour by hour, while knowing all the while that it is death to halt or even to linger. Whether you go by land or by water, everything around you seems hostile—treacherous shoals, sunken rocks, deadly fever mists, the fierce beast or fiercer savage in the thickets around, the crocodile and hippopotamus in the waters below. Often do you start up from a heavy torpor of utter exhaustion, which is more of a swoon than a sleep, only to find that, with your brain reeling and your limbs sinking beneath you from crushing fatigue, you must retrace your steps over ground traversed at the cost of sufferings more bitter than death itself. And when to all this is added the haunting, ever-present consciousness that not for one moment during that long and weary struggle can you really feel safe, and that the presence of man, so far from being a pledge of help and security, is the one thing to be dreaded and shunned most of all—this is, indeed, to “die daily.”

All this and much more did this one man endure, not for a few days or a few weeks, but for *eight months* together. Thirty-two deadly battles with blood-thirsty cannibals, in several of which, as Stanley forcibly said, “it rained poisoned arrows day and night,” combined with famine, disease, grinding fatigue, and the hungry waters of the furious river to thin the ranks of the little band. Very few and weary were the handful of heroes who survived to find themselves “only five marches from white faces” on the lower Congo.

But just as success seemed already in the grasp of their daring leader, an unforeseen peril threatened death to one and all when almost within sight of the European settlements. The rapids that obstructed the river having put a stop to the canoe voyage which had brought them thus far, they were now

forced to march overland; and the men, weakened by so many hardships, and now left almost without food, proved quite unequal to the task of carrying heavy loads over the steep, wooded ridges flanking the stream, while the natives refused to give them food unless rum or something equally precious were offered in exchange.

Only one thing was left to do. He sent down his two strongest men to the nearest settlement, bearing a note from himself with an urgent request for immediate supplies, while he and the rest watched and waited through two weary days—every hour of which must have seemed as long as a year—for the coming of the food that was their only hope of life. But it came at last. “You should have heard what a cheer the poor starving fellows set up,” said Stanley to me afterwards, “when they saw the porters coming up the hill with the stores. I can tell you that was the happiest moment of *my* life.”

The story of this unparalleled feat, told by its hero in “Through the Dark Continent” (1878), eclipsed all his former exploits, and made him once more the lion of all Europe. Exaggeration came, as usual, to magnify deeds which little needed it. Nothing seemed too marvellous for the hero of such adventures and such escapes. An honest German to whom I mentioned that Stanley had had one hundred and twenty-two fevers asked, eagerly, “Mein Gott! did he have dem *all to once?*” But this enthusiasm was not wholly unalloyed with dissatisfaction. The few who could read in the great pioneer’s dark, worn face that expression of native power and command, that “go anywhere and do anything” look which ennobled the harsh features of his two prototypes, Lord Clive and Sir Francis Drake, had no cause for disappointment in comparing his deeds with their doer. But the many who saw their ideal explorer in the towering form, brawny limbs, and bold, bearded face of Sir Samuel Baker found the Conge hero’s small, slight frame, and plain, almost coarse features, not at all equal to their expectations; and their displeasure vented itself either in avowed disbelief of his alleged exploits, or in multiplied slanders against his character and motives.

Nothing could be more unjust than the charges of wanton cruelty and bloodshed freely made against him by many who ought to have known better. When hemmed in by blood-thirsty cannibals, bent on slaughtering him and all

his men, he could fight as fiercely as any Afghan ; but no "wanton blood-shedder" would have cleft his way through the savagest region upon earth with such slight loss both to friends and foes. No man reckless of human life would have twice gone alone into a mob of raging savages and levelled spears to preserve peace. No mere destroyer would have kept his armed followers from taking by force from the selfish brutes around them, during that fearful two days' waiting on the lower Congo, the food for want of which they were dying by inches. No naturally cruel man would have spoken with such deep feeling as I have heard him speak of the welcome that greeted his surviving followers in their distant homes at Zanzibar, and of the fate that had befallen those who returned no more : "Poor little Amina said to me when she lay dying, 'This is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it.' Then my brave Safeni, the best of them all, went mad, and wandered away into the forest alone, and never came back. When I went out there again I had search made for him in all directions, and offered fabulous amounts of cloth to the chiefs for any news of him ; but no—not a word !"

Stanley's later achievements—his return to the Congo in 1879 for the International African Association, his establishment of trading posts along the whole 1400 miles of river up to Stanley Falls, the road-making that earned him his native name of "Bula Matari" (Rock-breaker), and the system of transport organized by himself and his gallant comrade Major Vetch, the companion of our West African shipwreck with King Okojumbo—have been too fully and recently told in his last book ("The Congo and the Founding of its Free State") to need repetition here. In 1884 the work was done, and he came home to advocate the making of a railway round the Congo Rapids, thus connecting the inland trade with that of the coast. But the moment the master's hand and eye were removed, the fabric so laboriously reared began to crumble. Disquieted by vague rumors of mishaps, Stanley was already planning a third visit to his little African kingdom when the "Emin Relief Expedition" summoned him to more exciting work.

DAVID KER.

THE END.

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